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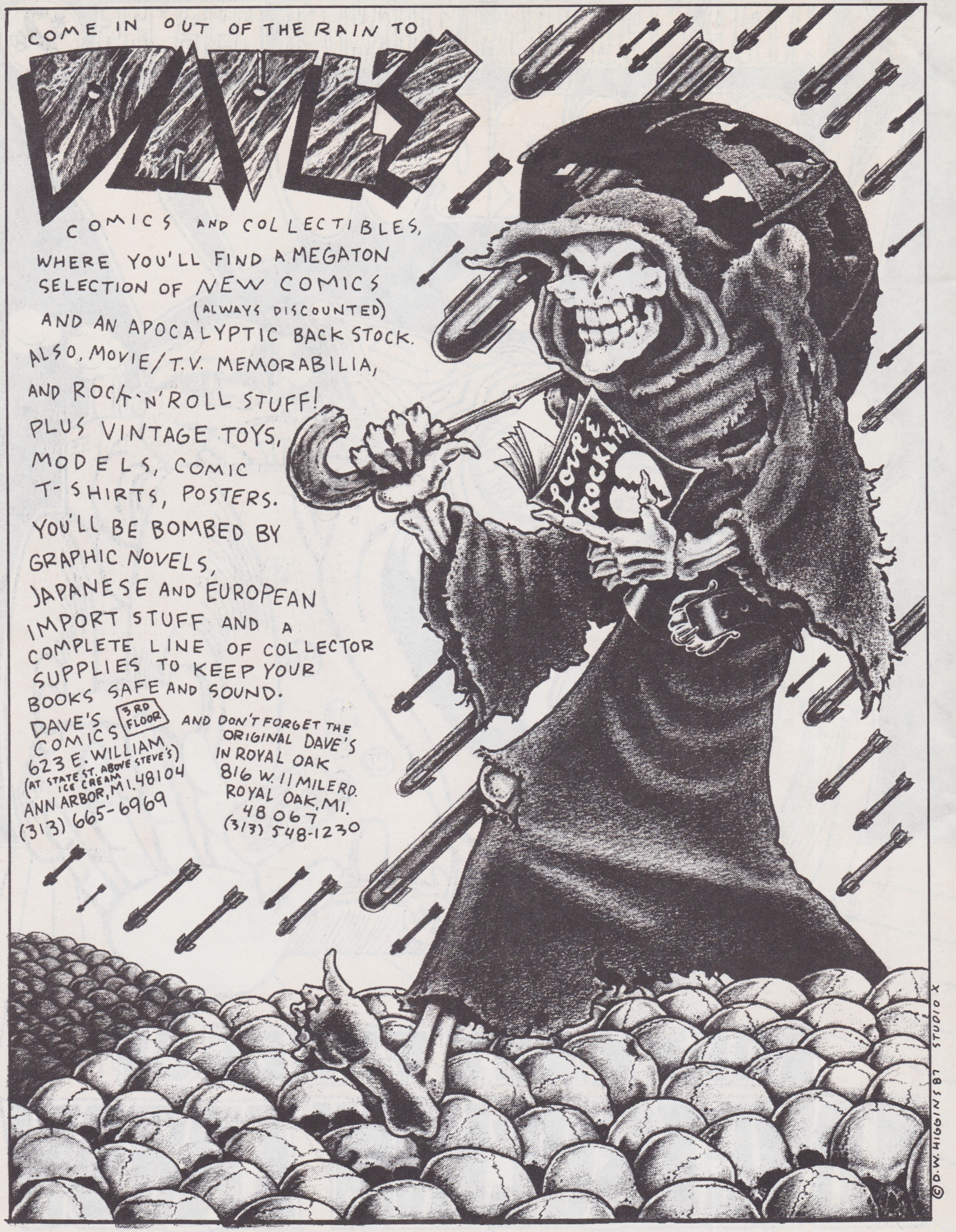

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MOTORBOOTY MAGAZINE

NUMBER ONE

MOTORBOOTY—WHY? WHY? WHY?

I consider it a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to say a few kind words about the newest magazine to be pasted up by my two close friends, Mark and Danny, but in writing this I noticed I got the tingle up my spine that I get when I know I'm going to make absolute fools out of perfectly swell guys.

Let me not mix words. These boys have really done their homework, and their method of delivery is all very sleek and penetrating, but let's face it—MOTORBOOTY is the most pretentious magazine I've ever read.

I'm sure you're wondering why I'm qualified to make this statement. You see, Danny and I go way back. Danny and I lived pretty close to each other when we were kids and I still remember the first time he invited me over. It was a late April evening and my father refused to drive because the weather was so nice. We walked for about fifteen minutes. Danny wasn't home. Crushed, I turned to my father and suggested we go home. My father had other ideas. You see, he needed to go to the bathroom badly (for reasons which I won't go into) and was depending on Danny's facilities. As we stood bathed in the late evening sun I realized that my father was concerned. We began to walk home and midway he was forced to stop at our cousin's neighbor's home to take a dumpster. I have never been so embarassed in my whole life.

Which brings me to my point. Danny has always been a major source of subtle embarassment to me—a gentle thorn in my side, or, shall we say, a piece of spinich wedged between my two front teeth. Of course, I never mentioned a word of this to Danny because we're such good friends, and make sacrifices for each other all the time.

But let me be brief. Brimming with hyperbole, flowing with Juvenalian satire and occassionally laced with sardonic sarcasm, this magazine nevertheless has its zenith around page twenty. And consequently though I've never had the time to listen to any of the relevant music or read Danny and Mark's insights into it I think it's safe to say most of the reviews are—how shall I put it kindly?—a tad crusty.

This is not to take anything away from the boys. It is after all their first try at this sort of thing. I was especially impressed by their pseudo review of an equally bogus band which they have charmingly and arbitrarily entitled "Big Black." Easily, this was MOTORBOOTY's most outstanding attempt at humor and it comes across real well. Unfortunately, some of their real reviews are—to say the least—distressing.

Really, it's not for me to say whether this magazine is funny. What does matter is that you enjoy this priceless, collector's edition of MOTORBOOTY. Good luck and remember that throughout life three things will keep you sane: Peace, Love, and MOTORBOOTY.

—David Icikson

Dave's a nice guy, but...

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Danny Plotnick

BULLET-PROOF SHADMOUTH EDITOR
Danny Lunchbox

CONTRIBUTORS WHO WILL ONE DAY REGRET IT

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STANDING OUTSIDE THE MEN'S ROOM WITH BREAKING CIRCUS

In a silly German restaurant with ridiculous murals of German landscapes on the wall, Breaking Circus and The State played to rather apathetic and somewhat stupid crowd. After a drunk but hammer-blunting set, during which Barry Henssler of the Necros opted to drink Mickeys at the corner gas station rather than sing Motorhead songs with the headliners, Steve Björklund of Breaking Circus started telling us about the numerous times he's kicked Henssler's ass. But as soon as the tape recorders were rolling he quickly changed his tune...

Tell us about kicking Barry Henssler's ass-that's what we want to know.

My pal. You would ask me such a thing—You break my heart—Go ahead—Rip it from my chest—I don't care—Rip it from my chest, but how could you suggest that I would have any possible...

Then tell us about singing Motorhead songs with Barry.

Oh! Singing Motorhead songs—yeah yeah yeah—I can tell you about that—we haven't done it yet.

He walked out on your show.

Yeah—He walked out on our show about four times—looked like he was looking for someone—You know he looks just like the editor of my high school yearbook. She wasn't very attractive—neither is Barry.

(Passing girl tells Steve how hot the band was)
It looks like you have a legion of female dancers following you. Does that happen everywhere Breaking Circus travels?

It doesn't happen everywhere. Most places give us a decent sound system and we refrain from getting toasted before we play, and it's easier for people to understand what we're driving at than it was tonight—It's not a way of apologizing though—whatever we say is what we do.

Is it the same kind of audience everywhere?

It's different every night. It's skinheads one night—Grandmas the next and after that the republicans, the democrats, the torries, the laborers and so on. In New York we did all right because everybody cool was at the Saints, so everybody not cool was at our show. It was a revolting mix of everybody possible.

All the dregs came out to see you.

Yeah—all the dregs—40% fanzine editors and writers.

We're not a fanzine.

20% fanzine photographers, 20% fanzine wanna—be's, and the other 20% were police officers.

What's your optimum crowd?

That'd be the Ritz in New York and there'd be thirteen hundred and fifty Barry Henssler down in front, two hundred Dave Pirners, and one hundred Keith whatever his name is from Die Kreuzen and the guy from Redd Kross—no, the two guys from Redd Kross and they'd all be doin' this business (he mimicks flipping big hair all over the place). They'd all do that in one direction for a while and when they got dizzy they could do it the other way Yeah YEAH "Left first left first—now to the right."

You guys could conduct it from on stage.

Yeah yeah.

Instead of sing-a-longs you could have hair whip-a-longs.

The very same—YEAH YEAH YEAH—that's a great idea.

Was this a rock crowd?

A rock crowd? The State's crowd. You could tell these people were communing with the State tonight. Were you

CIRCUS

into that Mick Jagger meets Stiv Bator s thing, or when he did that Richard Hell meets Stiv Bators thing or when he did that Richard Hell meets Mick Jagger thing or when he did that Richard Hell and Stiv Bators meets Mick Jagger thing or when he did that Richard Hell and Stiv Bators kick Mick Jagger's ass thing. You could tell this crowd was strongly with the State.

Do you have any reservations whipping the keyboard out and playing songs off of the first EP?

No—we have no trouble playing any of our stuff in front of any crowd.

No matter how hostile?

Well this crowd wasn't actually hostile. There's a big difference between apathetically stupid and hostile.

Have you gotten a good hostile crowd recently?

No we haven't gotten a good hostile crowd recently.

Have you gotten a good apathetically stupid crowd recently?

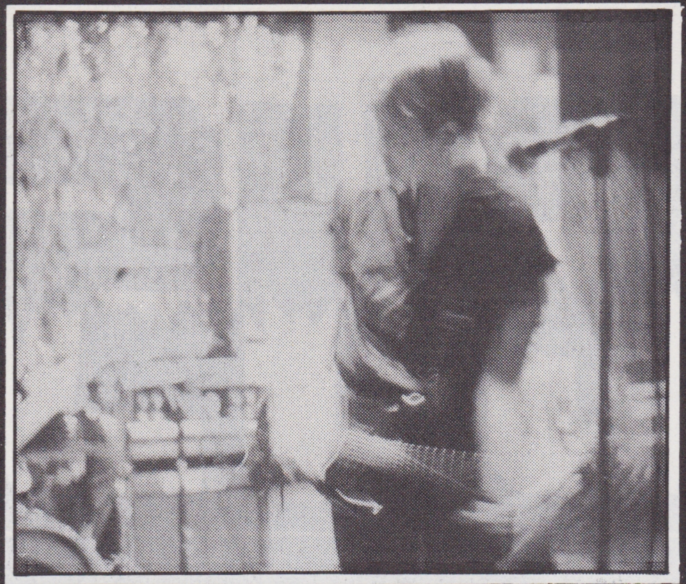
Yeah we have. Well tonight they were a pretty good realitively apathetic crowd. To tell you the truth, the best apathetic crowd we've had was in New London, Connecticut on a sunday night. We played like five songs and no one applauded or said anything, so we took a big chance and said "Everybody get up and dance, we're gonna play some Rifle Sport songs," and they said "Oh, Merle—they're gonna play Rifle Sport—Didj'a hear that—They're gonna play some Rifle Sport songs" and they all got up and danced, so after that we said, "Now we're gonna play two Man—Sized Action songs and they danced so then we said, "Now we're gonna play Husker Du's first single and they danced to that, so then we said "We're gonna play two more of ours and they danced to that, so there were twenty chubby— thighed, evil—looking, nasty old ladies jumpin' around to Man— Sized Action or Husker Du. It was a good thing, but that was a hostile crowd.

PHOTOS: DON KRATZER

If you don't tell 'em what it is, they don't like it.

We don't care about your big influences—Who influences you in a real miniscule sort of way?

Redd Kross, Gone, Painted Willie, and...



The Necros?

THE NECROS—Fuckin' A—give me a high five!

And the State?

And the State—yeah THE STATE. And on the other hand we got bands that we really like—like the Jam, Wire, Joy Division— but not new Wire. I mean new Wire's fine, but they're old—now don't get me wrong—everybody gets old—you're gonna get old,fucker—you're gonna get way older than they are right now. They're like really old—they're forty, but you're gonna live to be seventy-five according to modern statistics and you're gonna be more withered and more tired and more prune—faced than they are.

Here's a typical Chuck Eddy (typical rock critic) question: What's your favorite experience with food?

It was the G.G. Allin thing where we all put cucumbers up our butts. That's the Chuck Eddy answer, isn't it? Actually it has nothing to do with that. It was at Maxwells. They gave us a good food spread and free refills on our drinks.

Sort of like Pizza Hut.

It was just like that, except we got to get up there and be the bears with the banjos afterwards.

How do you feel about grouping bands with the term "Pig Fuckers?"

That's fine.

Do you consider yourself Pig Fuckers?

No No. If this means do we think Robert Christgau (another typical rock critic) deserves to be called foul names, the answer is no. You don't hear us calling Steve Albini names do you?

No, but I did hear you say he makes a nice bar-b-que.

He does—but you don't hear us saying foul things about Thurston Moore, do you? Or saying nice things about Thurston Moore? In fact we have nothing to say about Thurston Moore. We also have nothing to say about Chuck Eddy. We have nothing to say about any of these people. All those people have a right to earn a living. Robert Christgau has more than a right to do whatever the he feels like and so does Steve Albini and so do all those other bands and they can all pig fuck each other right up their pig buttholes and that'll be fine with all the people who are honestly interested in music and what music means to the average honest man.

Like who?

Like me, and like you. You look like an average honest man, and you're not associated with a fanzine.

That's right.

That's all there is to it, and I mean if you want to set yourself up as a rock critic, or as a band that panders to rock critics then you're all welcome to it, but there are a lot of good bands—Like Big Dipper—I wouldn't have believed that 'til I saw 'em live. They're like these regular old geeks—They're like you—I don't mean to say you're a geek.

Do you feel you stand alone in what you're doing or do you feel a certain *kinship* with other bands?

We have a lot in common with American bands. The old Volcano Suns, the new Volcano Suns, and since they broke up again probably the future Volcano Suns and Big Black and Naked Raygun and Redd Kross—I mean yeah, fuck,—they've got long hair and we've got short hair—so what—we still got a lot in common with 'em. They like Syd Barrett more than we do, but that doesn't stop us from having anything to do with them. There are awhole lot of bands that are mining more or less the same thing that we are, and the only problem is that they suck and we rock—well that's not a problem. We have a common thread.

What's in the future for Breaking Circus?

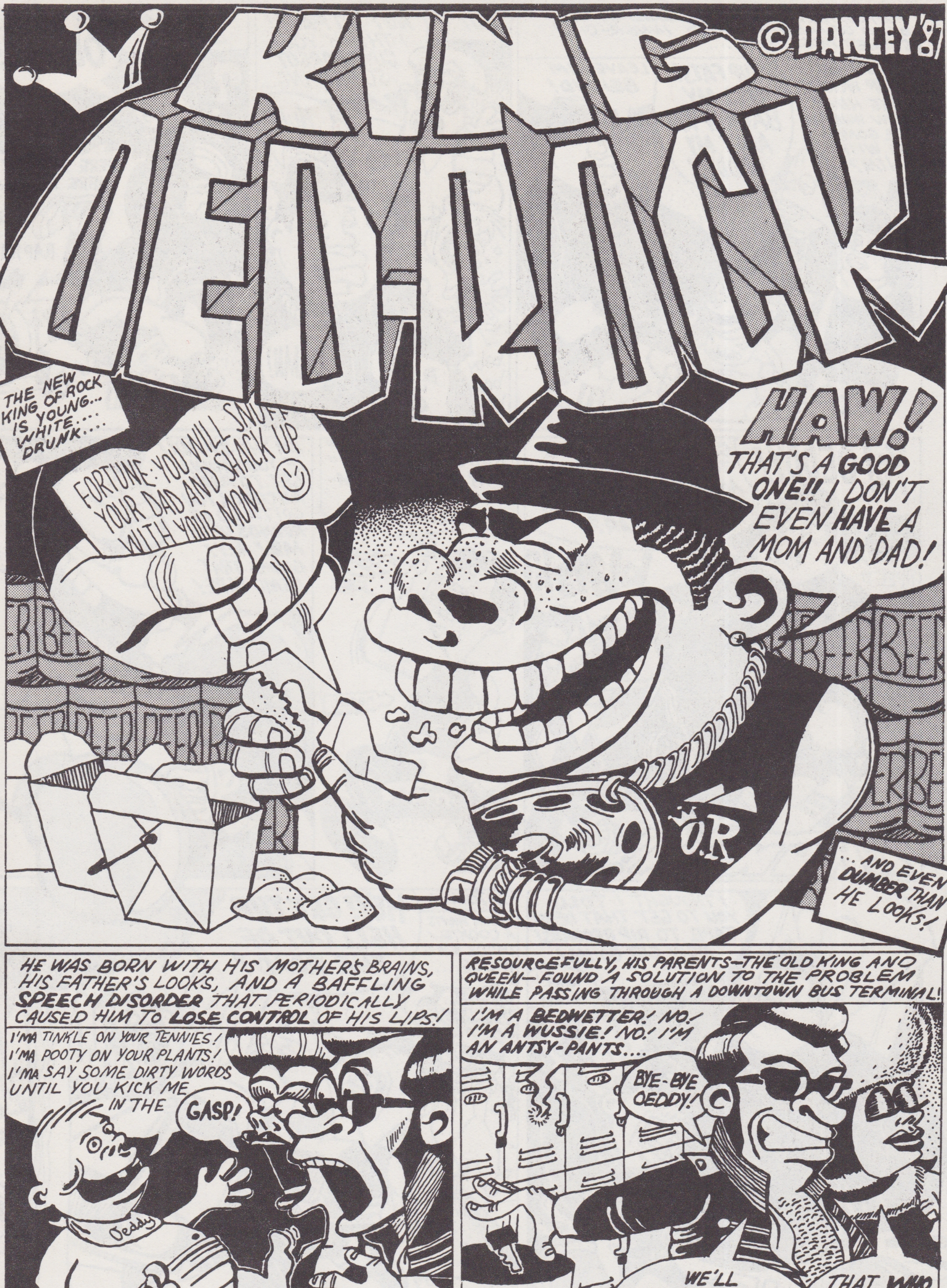
We're doin' an L.P., cassette and C.D. all at the same time.

So you'll put extra songs on the cassette and/or C.D., so all your big fans will go out and blow their money on C.D. players.

It's almost as bad as how Albini nigger—rigged *Headache.* That's horseshit. We're not gonna quite go that far. We'll have the same songs on the cassette and C.D.

One last question. Where do you get the inspiration for your songs? *U.S. News and World Report*?

Forbes—We get ours from *Forbes*, motherfucker.


KING OED-ROCK
© DANCEY '97
THE NEW KING OF ROCK IS YOUNG... WHITE.... DRUNK.....
FORTUNE: YOU WILL SNUFF YOUR DAD AND SHACK UP WITH YOUR MOM
HAW! THAT'S A GOOD ONE!! I DON'T EVEN HAVE A MOM AND DAD!
BEER
O.R.
...AND EVEN DUMBER THAN HE LOOKS!
HE WAS BORN WITH HIS MOTHER'S BRAINS, HIS FATHER'S LOOKS, AND A BAFFLING SPEECH DISORDER THAT PERIODICALLY CAUSED HIM TO LOSE CONTROL OF HIS LIPS!
I'MA TINKLE ON YOUR TENNIES! I'MA POOTY ON YOUR PLANTS! I'MA SAY SOME DIRTY WORDS UNTIL YOU KICK ME IN THE
GASP!
Oeddy
RESOURCEFULLY, HIS PARENTS—THE OLD KING AND QUEEN—FOUND A SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM WHILE PASSING THROUGH A DOWNTOWN BUS TERMINAL!
I'M A BEDWETTER! NO! I'M A WUSSIE! NO! I'M AN ANTSY-PANTS....
BYE-BYE OEDDY!
WE'LL JUST PRETEND THAT HE NEVER EVEN HAPPENED!
THAT WHO NEVER EVEN HAPPENED?
WAS

FORTUNATELY, HE WAS RESCUED BY A BAND OF PROFIT-MINDED INNER-CITY STREET MUSICIANS.....
THE PAWN SHOP WON'T TAKE HIM! NOW WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO WITH HIM?
'SUP FATS! KISS MY BACK IF YOU AIN'T MY DADDY!
LEAVE HIM BEHIND!
Oeddy
BUT...
NOT SO FAST! I THINK YOU GUYS FORGOT SOMETHING...
HUH?
baby boo boo
DAMN!
MANY YEARS LATER...
THE HELL...? OEDDY!
?
HERE A RAP! THERE A RAP! EVERY-WHERE A RAP RAP!
YO! OEDDY!
GET THIS DEMO TAPE TO RIP RECORDS! AND DON'T LET THE SPINX GET HIS HANDS ON IT, HEAR?
YIPEE YI YI YI YI YI YI YI
blarsh?
CRUNCH!
MOM SAYS "HIDE!" DAD SAYS "RUN!" WORLD SAYS "WHOA-HERE COMES THE SON!"
nasal
I'M THE SPINX! IF YOU WANNA GET TO RIP RECORDS YOU GOTTA GO 15 ROUNDS WITH ME! HEY! GIMME THAT DEMO TAPE!
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO GET THAT DEMO TAPE TO RIP RECORDS! NOW GET GOING!
RORRY RORGE...
SPLOOT
UPTOWN...
MAMA WANTS A COOKIE! DADDY WANTS A DOG....
HEY! GET THE HELL OUT OF THE ROAD!
LOOKS LIKE THE KING IS ABOUT TO GET CREAMED!
HONK HONK HONK HONK
Satanic

SO....YOU'RE THE CAT WHO SNUFFED THE KING... I'M TERRY RIP, OF RIP RECORDS! LET'S HEAR YOU SING, KID....
MAMA HAD A BABY AND ITS HEAD POPPED OFF!
SENSATIONAL! GIMME THAT DEMO TAPE, BABE, WE'LL CUT A RECORD AND MAKE YOU A STAR!
RIP
SHAKE CRUNCH SHAKE
SWIPE
MINUTES LATER....
THAT MAY BE OEDDY'S VOICE...
...BUT, THAT'S OUR SONG!
YEAH, WE'VE BEEN RIPPED!
RECORD BARN
KING OED-ROCK
IN
OUT
WORLD SAYS "WHOA!"
OED-ROCK
BILL BORED OED-ROCK NUMBER ONE SMASH!
NOW THAT YOU'RE THE KING OF ROCK, IT'S TIME YOU FOUND YOURSELF A QUEEN! HEY–HERES ONE NOW!
QUEEN?
THAT'S RIGHT! I'VE BEEN OUT OF A JOB SINCE THE OLD KING KICKED OFF!
I'LL CALL A CAB FOR YOU TWO!
SHOVE!
NUDGE!
KICK OUT THE JAMS, MOTHER-HONEY!
I WANT A GIRL JUST LIKE THE GIRL THAT MARRIED DEAR OLD DAD!
TAXI
JUST MARRIED
SOON....
HAW! SEZ HERE! MARRIED MY OWN MUTHA! WHERE DO THEY GET THIS STUFF?
!
DAILY DIRT
OED-ROCK WEDS MOM
YOU IDIOT! IT'S TRUE! NOW I'M DAMNED TO LET MY BEARD GROW, AND YOU'VE GOT TO STUFF EGG McMUFFINS IN YOUR EYES AND WANDER THE EARTH SINGING KANSAS SONGS... IN PIG LATIN!
Wha?
DAMNED FOR ALL TIME....
ARRYCAY ONYAY... YOW YOW YOW..
SHUDDUP NOW!
SHUDDUP NOW!
SHUD 'DA HELL UP NOW!

WIRE:

ON RETURNING, THEY SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER

"Wire changed my life in '77. 'Tis time for this decade's dose."
—Michael Stipe, R.E.M.

"Wire changed my life in '77. Too bad they had to get back together and make such a shitty LP."
—Michael Rubin, Mötörhöme

*The trail that Britain's Wire blazed in the short-sharp-shock years of 1977-1979 is an impressive and imposing one indeed. Wearing a fuselage of frenzy and powered by the propellors of punk, the quartet of Colin Newman (vocals and guitar), Graham Lewis (bass), B.C. Gilbert (guitar), and Robert Gotobed (drums) quickly distanced themselves from the rest of the South London musical explosion by revealing an autopilot more cerebral than "1, 2, 3, 4, #@%&**!!", and a joystick guided by precise pop witchcraft. With the powderkeg explosiveness of* **Pink Flag** *(1977), the baroque bullet-fire of* **Chairs Missing,** *and the rifle-sight minimalism and Oswald accuracy of* **154** *(1979), the band blasted their way into history , scoring direct hits each time out. Eventhough* **The Ideal Copy,** *their first studio LP in eight years, finds them finally sounding like the middle-aged, synth-sappy, art-rock types that they are (and thus ruining their immaculate shooting percentage), the band are still deserving of a generation's worth of applause—though not the applause the assortment of death-culture eyeliner ectomorphs, latex-lipped, keyboard-kissing Eurobeats, and paisley-painted bookworms that over-populated Wire's June appearance at Detroit's St. Andrew's Hall—one was heard to mutter about warm-up Wire tribute band, Ex-Lion Tamer: "They're a pretty good hardcore band, but their songs just aren't as cool as the Dead Milkmen's." And maybe (just maybe, judging from two new tunes at the show that were better than anything on* **The Ideal Copy**) *Wire has a few more tightrope tricks up their Wallenda waistcoats. I got the wet-my-pants chance to interview Colin Newman and Graham Lewis by phone before I had the chance to hear their new album,* **Lowlife....**

Mike Rubin: What was the reason for Wire's breakup?

Colin Newman: We didn't break up. When we got to 1979, post-*154*, there was a hell of material being written, between Graham (Lewis), Bruce (Gilbert), and myself. For instance, I had written all the stuff that later turned up on *A-Z* (Newman's first solo album) originally for Wire, and I thought, 'Well I've already got an album's worth of material, what about the other guys?' We would have to do some solo projects , so we proposed this to EMI (Wire's recording label), that maybe it would be a good idea for them to have two sets of things: a Wire album every now and then, and also lower-costing solo projects they could market in a different way. However, they weren't really into that, and the relationship went from bad to worse soon after, due to various circumstances, mainly because of personnel changes: the people who had originally signed us went to other places, and EMI were having their own problems, so we ended up leaving due to a contractual loophole and everyone set up their own recording situations. There was never a plan that we wouldn't do any Wire stuff.

There was some talk in 1983 about doing an album with Mike Thorne (Wire's producer on *Pink Flag, Chairs Missing*, and *154*), but at that time I had more or less given up making music and I was asked if I would like to go India and take part in documenting various parts of India, which of course I jumped at, scotching that particular reunion. When I got back in late 1984, Graham called me up and asked me if I wanted to do something, not necessarily Wire. He called up Bruce and we all met in a pub, following the time-honored fashion, and thrashed out the rough game plan in about ten minutes, and continued from there. It was really just one thing at first, and if we didn't like it, we wouldn't do it again. If the rehearsals hadn't turned out okay, we would have abandoned ship at that point. We took it step by step, rather than making this part of some tacky "big comeback" syndrome. We're not into doing these "big game plan" type of dramatic actions— we do things on a day-to-day basis. It was really circumstance to not play together for so long and wasn't our intention in 1980 that "we're not going to do anything for five years." That would be a cold marketing move.

MR: How did Wire come to hook up with Enigma?

CN: The first contact was through my last record, *Commercial Suicide*, which was licensed by Enigma in America, and through that they got in contact with Mute (Wire's British label). The whole group expressed interest in it, and seemed excited about it. Now both my stuff and Wire stuff are licensed to Enigma.

MR: Do you know how you'll be marketed by Enigma?

CN: We're involved in all aspects of everything we do. There's a continuous dialogue between record company and artist that is very important to the Wire process, both collectively and individually. What they do on a day-to-day basis is what they do on a day-to-day basis, but I don't think they'll do

anything tacky. If a piece is suitable for dance clubs, then why not market it as that? If it's something that you can't dance to, then you can't play it in a dance club, and you can't market it as such. That's only logical. I personally have no idea what people *do* to music I've done.

MR: How are you working the individual styles that you four cultivated through solo work back into the concept of a band?

CN: We've finally now got the situation we wanted in 1979, which is that everyone can do their own work, solo or combinative, and we can also do Wire stuff. So, a certain amount of, as it were, personal quirks, are put by each person into their solo work, while we each bring a certain kind of thing to Wire. Wire is a meeting of these four individuals who are fairly disparate in their nature.

MR: Why have you moved away from a guitar-oriented approach to a more keyboards/synthesizer style?

CN: It's the development of technology. We've always used what's been available. In 1977-1979, we used a lot of guitars because it was the instrument we had access to, with our limited playing skills. Now there are so many different kinds of sound-creating modules, and so many ways that a musician can interface with them. You can play a keyboard from a guitar, you can play synthesizer or sampler from a guitar, you can program with a guitar or program with keyboards or program with a drum machine. There are so many options now. We never felt that technology should be rejected. On the contrary, we've always used all kinds of different technologies—whatever really makes it work.

MR: How do you feel about recent re-releases of availabale Wire material, like *In the Pink, Wire Play Pop,* and *And Here It Is...Again* ?

CN: Well, none of those records were officially sanctioned. Anyone could walk into EMI and license whatever product they want from them. We don't have any control over that and no one consulted us about those projects. We've seen them and noted there are are a few wrong titles, wrong track listings, wrong composer credits, and the covers weren't particularly nice. But that material is still owned by EMI, so what can we do?

MR: How about the bootleg record, *Not About to Die* , consisting of demos from 1978-79?

CN: In between *Pink Flag* and *Chairs Missing,* a lot of material was written and demoed which didn't find its way onto *Chairs Missing* because we felt that material was coming from a new direction, that the stuff on *Chairs Missing* was much more interesting than some of those songs, which were somewhat backward-looking.

Robert Gotobed (upper right), Bruce Gilbert, Graham Lewis and Colin Newman of Wire: ***they've changed***

Graham Lewis: There was lots of extra material back then. We used to go through what would be considered an LP's worth of material between records, and we always had a policy that if two people in the band were bored or dissatisfied with something, it was scrapped. That creates a very competitive atmosphere for the material. If it didn't stay the course, it went.

MR: It's interesting to see how some of the songs evolved, like faster, harder versions of "French Film Blurred", and some of the stuff on *154* like "Indirect Enquiries" and "I Should Have Known Better".

CN: Yes, they started out as completely

Robert Gotobed remembers the seventies.

different tunes. "Underwater Experiences" underwent a few changes. The first two days of sessions for *Chairs Missing* were spent underneath a piano, trying to make "Underwater Experiences" work, but we abandoned ship on that one and later came up with something which ended up on *Document and Eyewitness.*

MR: How did you go about putting together *Document and Eyewitness* (Wire's live LP)?

CN: It was a performance that we rehearsed five days for in order to put a one-off (reunion) show together in 1980. We brought in a four-track to record it, but unfortunately the engineer who was doing it plugged the microphones into the line sockets, or the other way around, so that everything was distorted. The recording quality wasn't that hot, but various people felt that, as a piece of documentation, as opposed to a record, it wasn't a bad idea, so we put that out as literally what the title says—a document and eyewitness account of that particular thing.

MR: What's your current policy towards live performances? I know that in the past you never played songs on stage once you recorded them.

CN: That's right. It's highly unlikely that we'll play any older tunes—that's always been our policy. If you can bring enthusiasm to bear on a piece, no matter what it's source, then do it. But if you can't do it for real, or genuinely, then it has to be jettisoned, however good it was at one time. We aren't human jukeboxes. Even if we play stuff from *The Ideal Copy*, we won't attempt to reproduce it as the record.

GL: We've never attempted to replicate the records. We think of live as being a unique experience, and we like it to be a unique experience for ourselves, too. First and foremost, you do the work for yourself—otherwise it's a waste of time.

MR: Graham, you have a unique lyrical style. Who were some of the influences—both in literature and in songwriting—that contributed to your style?

GL: Philip K. Dick. I certainly like to hear William S. Borroughs pronounce his work—but I don't know about reading it. Italo Calvino—he's a sad loss. Machiavelli. Beano, a comic that came out in England a long time ago. In songwriting, it tends to be pieces that people do, rather than 'I would like to be like so-and-so'. You take your hat off to someone when you think they've written a good lyric. "Only Love Can Break Your Heart" by Neil Young is a great song. Some of Tom Verlaine's pieces on (Television's) *Marquee Moon* are quite good. The songwriters that came out of Tin Pan Alley were quite good. One is always looking for that originality, wit, and humanity that people can put into a work—that passion. "When A Man Loves A Woman" by Percy Sledge. Kraftwerk have some good lyrics. I could go on and on.

MR: It seems that with early Wire lyrics there was more rhyme involved, while middle and later period Wire songs were more poetic, rather than stressing a rhyme.

GL: If the meter is good when you're writing a piece, and the meter is strong, and the sounds of the words are good, then you don't necessarily need a rhyme because the rhythm is within it. There was a period, after 1980, where I almost stopped writing because I became suspicious of the facility that I found I had. A lot of my pieces had a narrative quality that I didn't like. My latest work is far more of a collage. I carry notebooks because I don't trust my memory, and so when I hear somebody say something or I hear something or I read something, I write it down. When you look back a few moments after the fact, and you've written something else, you can see the relationship between the two things. It's something greater, like a gestalt. You get a connection, and I find that exciting. On other occasions, I've woken up and I've written whole verses and whole choruses ('cause there's always a notebook by my bed, too), and I have no idea where the work has come from, 'cause I certainly haven't thought about it. It's that thing of being the medium to all that you see and you experience. I'm not part of the myth of artist as hero.

MR: How do you go about desribing an image? Early Wire lyrics were "ultra-descriptive", yet simultaneously very terse and brusque. How do you feel that style has evolved?

GL: I am ten years older. I have ten years more life in me, concious and subconcious. What that relationship is, we're still trying to find out. Try as the society might, one still does venture to find out what that relationship is.

MR: Do you consider your lyrics capable of standing on their own ?

GL: No, they're for songs. The lyrics and the music together make a song. If I wanted to write something that stood alone, I wouldn't write songs, I'd write prose. I wouldn't write poetry. I don't understand poetry. I don't know what its use is, at present. There are poetic qualities to my lyrics, but I wouldn't call it poetry.

MR: What are you driving at in some of your more illustrative songs, like "Mercy"?

GL: "Mercy" was a documentation of a dream. I woke up one morning and wrote it down.

MR: "Outdoor Miner"?

GL: Well, it has to do with the leaves of the holly bush. It grows on trees. The color is extraordinary—very, very, very green. Sometimes you get wandering tracks in the leaf. Those tracks are made by a serpentine miner, an insect that eats the contents of the leaf. That's what I used as the basis for the song—the idea

of this creature eating the leaf, and at some point the leaf structure collapses and it dies. I thought it was a useful metaphor for the way I was feeling at the time. It's a love song.

MR: What does the expression "fish fingers all in a line" (from "Ex-Lion Tamer) really mean?

GL: The reason the song is called "Ex-Lion Tamer" is that Colin wrote a lyric, most of which I didn't like, about a lion tamer. What I did was just put a line through all the stuff I didn't like, and then I wrote some other pieces for it. "Fish fingers all in a line" I thought was brilliant. Colin wrote that, and I've got no idea what its about. I ended up crossing out the whole rest of the song, the lion tamer included, so that's why it's called "Ex-Lion Tamer."

MR: As opposed to summaries of the tunes, or quotes from them, the titles of early Wire tunes tend to be disconnected images that imply something else entirely.

GL: I like the titles. Titles are given to pieces for many different reasons, not necessarily to do with the content of the pieces. It can sometimes just have something to do with the time that they're written, or when they're realized at rehearsals. Something like "106 Beats That", the title came from the project that I set for myself to write a lyric that had 100 beats, in terms of meter. I wrote the piece, and at about 4:00 in the morning I counted up the meter, and you know what happened? It was fucking 106. I had failed. It's 106 beats, and that, as the song says, that is sex.

MR: "French Film Blurred"?

GL: I came in one night and switched on the television. There was a French film and the reception was appaling—it was impossible to read the subtitles. That was the impetus to record that event. It was what I was able to find that was going on with the plot, and after that, I made it up for myself. Like counterfeiting.

MR: Are your lyrics more an attempt to describe an event or to create something new?

GL: Both. Making something new is a strange concept. It's all there anyway, and isn't new once you've done it.

MR: "Map Reference 41^{0}N 93^{0}W"—aren't those the coordinates to Des Moines, Iowa?

GL: There's actually a place called something like Centertown, Iowa. The song is about traveling, and how one experiences that. I flew from Los Angeles to New York in 1978 and crossed the midwest, and it went on and on and on. It was just incredible that that grid system was imposed upon that enormous stretch of land. The other part refers to traveling through Holland, this time by road—which is also a grid system, but there the division is by dikes.

MR: The song "Pink Flag?"

GL: It's not a symbolic song, it's an abstract one. It's one where I woke up in the morning and I wrote it. I don't know where it came from—I was just the one that pushed the pen.

MR: How about the titles of the LP's, *Chairs Missing* and *154*?

GL: *Chairs Missing* is a title that Bruce arrived at. It's a phrase similar to the American cliche "playing without a full deck" or "a couple bricks short of a load". Mentally not all there. "Chairs Missing" is similar to that. *154* was the number of times that Wire had played live before we recorded that record.

MR: How does *The Ideal Copy* fit in with your previous discography?

GL: It is the ideal copy. It's what we were able to do at the time. When we started making the record, we didn't know what we were doing, didn't know what we were making, didn't know what it was going to be. What it is is what it is and that's why it's called *The Ideal Copy*. The title came from Bruce and I. I had written and rewritten "Ambitious" twelve times and I was still dissatisfied with it. It just didn't feel right. When we were in Berlin, one night Bruce and I went out to a bar and started pushing it about—something we often do with lyrics—ripping it apart, pulling off pieces here and there—and we thought we came up with *the* pop lyric, which was "the ideal copy is DNA". Once we wrote that, it was plain sailing, "'cause when you can't it makes you can, and when you aren't it makes you am." We thought DNA must be the most ambitious thing that exists. It has no problems—it only wants to survive and mutate. But humans in our society are rather confused about their desires and needs, and how to get them.

By the way, I have a message from B.C. Gilbert for America...

MR: *(I took a deep breath in anticipation. Not only had I gotten the chance to plumb the fertile minds of Wire maestros Colin Newman and Graham Lewis, but I would now get to experience the wit and wisdom of the enigmatic William Burroughs-lookalike Bruce Gilbert as he sat philosophically ruminating on the wrong side of the Atlantic. I whetted my lips, gripped my pencil, and cocked my ear to the phone like a KGB wiretap, not wanting to miss a single syllable of the profundity the Aristotle-in-abstentia would impart.)*

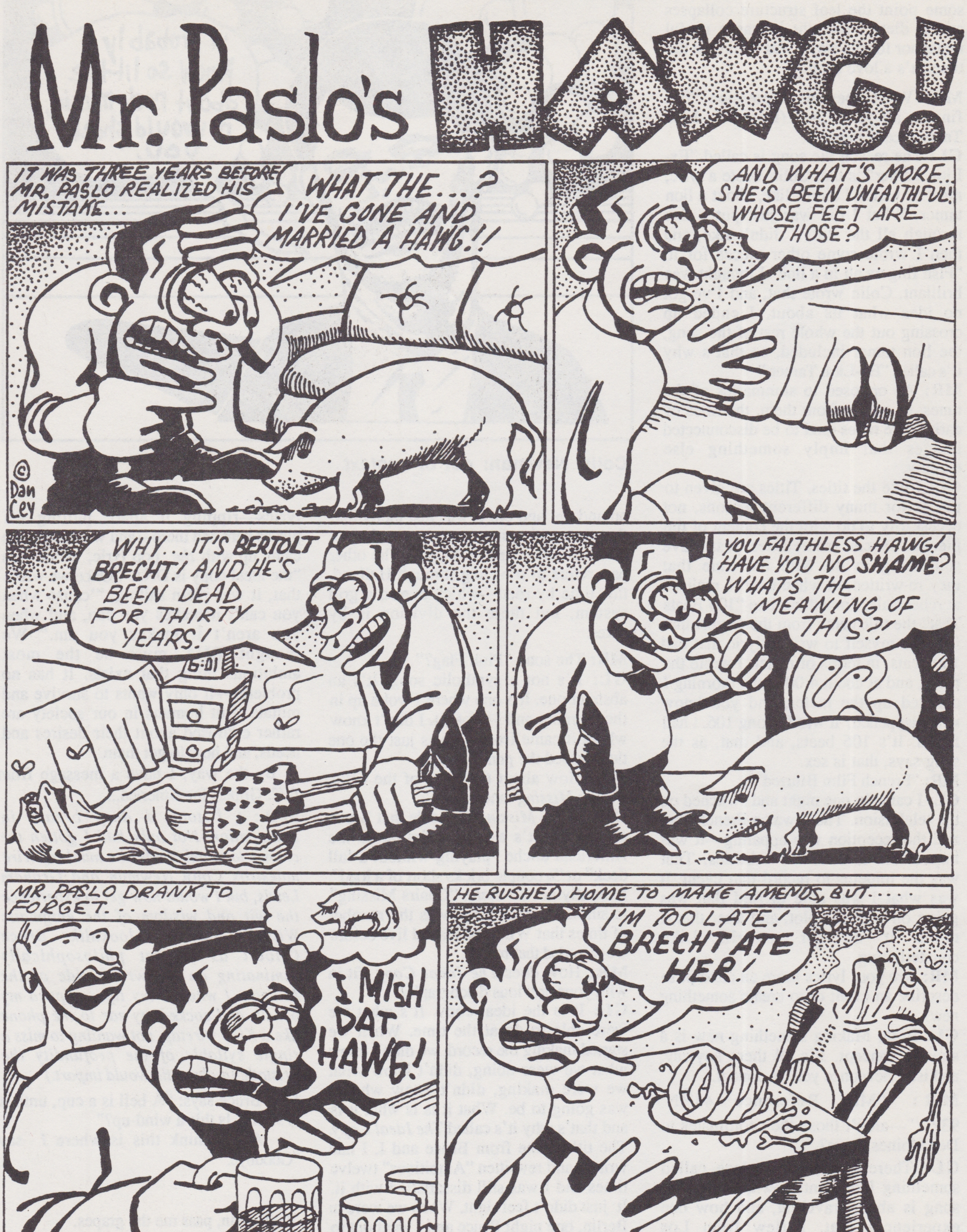
GL: Bruce says: "A bell is a cup, until it is struck. Is this a wind-up?"

And I think this is where *I* say "Goodbye."

Yeah, man, pass me the grapes.

—Mike Rubin

Colin Newman: ***out of context***



Mr. Paslo's HAWG!
IT WAS THREE YEARS BEFORE MR. PASLO REALIZED HIS MISTAKE...
WHAT THE...? I'VE GONE AND MARRIED A HAWG!!
© Dan Cey
AND WHAT'S MORE... SHE'S BEEN UNFAITHFUL! WHOSE FEET ARE THOSE?
WHY... IT'S BERTOLT BRECHT! AND HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR THIRTY YEARS!
6:01
YOU FAITHLESS HAWG! HAVE YOU NO SHAME? WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?!
MR. PASLO DRANK TO FORGET.
I MISH DAT HAWG!
HE RUSHED HOME TO MAKE AMENDS, BUT....
I'M TOO LATE! BRECHT ATE HER!

POPA DUNK AND RUBBERBOY IN
HERE COME THE CREEPS!
IT'S RUBBERBOY'S LAST BIRTHDAY!
GET UP, WILL YOU? AND STOP LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT!
IT ISN'T MY FAULT YOU WERE BORN WITHOUT AN ENDO-SKELETON!
MISTAH POPA DUNK!
WE GONNA DRINK ALL THE TRANSMISSION FLUID OUT YOU CAR!
CONFOUND YOU! WHY DON'T YOU GO AWAY AND LET THIS BOY DIE IN PEACE?!
NOW WE GONNA THROW ALL YOU FOOD ON THE FLOOR AND STUFF RUBBERBOY IN THE FRIGERATOR!
BUT I'M NOT DYING!
©DANCEY
NOW WE GONNA HANG YOU DIRTY SHEETS OUT TO DRY AND POUR YOU HEAD ON YOU GERANIUMS!
I HATE YOU FOR THIS!
HEY!
NOW WE GONNA FILL YOU HEAD WITH GUPPIES!
AND WE GONNA LEAVE YOU DOOR OPEN WHEN WE LEAVE!
HELLO? HELLO? I'M HAVING AN EMERGENCY!
LATER...
HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW HEAD?
HEY! THIS IS RUBBERBOY'S HEAD!
I'M TELLING YOU, MR. POPA DUNK, THAT HEAD LOOKS BETTER ON YOU THAN IT EVER DID ON RUBBERBOY!

the Laughing Hyenas-

LOVE'S MY ONLY CRIME

> ***"A feast of moon and men and barking hounds***
> ***an orgy for some genius of the south***
> ***with blood-hot eyes and cane-lipped scented mouth***
> ***surprised in making folk songs from soul sounds."***
>
> **—Toomer**

There's something especially *nasty* about the Laughing Hyenas....after seeing them live it wasn't hard to believe that they'd once offered free sex with one of the band members as an incentive to callers during a live radio spot—and you can almost believe they *meant* it. At shows in venues as diverse as Maxey's Boys' Prison and St. Andrew's Episcopal church, the band comes across as four world-dirty, steel-hearted, angel-headed sinners in lounge lizard polyester, laying down a seething swamp groove that pulls like quicksand and won't let go: bad ass bump-and-grind bass lines and bone-pounding voodoo drums agitate the blood, while the guitar strophs on the skin like a rusty switchblade and the vocals descend into a soul-fire inferno—a writhing roar that *has* to be vocal chord torture. The lyrics that rise to the surface practically reek of incest and outrage, ritalin and redemption. Some songs, like "Chuck's Jism" (a tribute to noted rock critic Chuck Eddy) have no actual words, but the meaning comes through clearly enough—you and your dog understand each other, right?

Formed in the wake of Detroit's hardcore heyday by some of that scene's charter members, the Ann Arbor-based band was voted "Best Album of '86" in Creem Magazine—without ever releasing a record. An actual debut EP was recorded and aborted during an unlucky liason with a shady D.C. label, and those same six songs will be rerecorded for release on Touch and Go records. But despite the critical hoopla, the Laughing Hyenas remain largely unappreciated at home.

"Prophets are never taken seriously in their own town," says bassist Kevin Monroe, and as if to prove his point, the rest of the band laughs at him.

But vocalist John Brannon agrees: "You get more respect 50 miles in any direction out of town. We got a lot of negative reviews when we first came out—a lot of people really hated us. And I don't think we're really accepted now."

A lot of this was due to the lingering ghost of Brannon's snarling personna as the frontman for Detroit's premiere bald rock outfit, Negative Approach. Brannon: "When the Laughing Hyenas started doing shows a lot of people into Negative Approach would come see us and they'd be real disappointed because they expected it to be a continuation—different line up, but same ol' shit. We never wanted to do that with this band—we wanted to be fresh and going in a different direction."

In refusing to cater to an audience accustomed to Negative Approach's power chord sound, the Laughing Hyenas have had to build their own following—slowly. And although that following is growing, in the years since Negative Approach's disintegration, no Detroit area band has yet replaced Negative Approach as an underground focal point. Widely popular, the band provided a "we won't take any shit" common ground for a scene stocked with pioneer powerhouses like the Necros, the Meatmen, and L7.

"I think that's part of the reason the scene's deteriorated," says guitarist Larissa Stolarchuk. "There's no main band to see and no place to go where you know you're gonna see a band you really enjoy." Also, without radio and press coverage the scattered local bands remain scattered, and the few who are playing and releasing their music can't make up for a widespread lack of enthusiasm. "The all ages thing is still important," Larissa adds, "I'd like to see more participation—more kids, a looser atmosphere."

John: "The whole Detroit punk scene is more interested in listening to D.J.'s and looking at each other and making sure their hair spray's on right—I don't think they're interested in live music anymore."

Kevin: "Five years ago there was a lot more participation with the audience—mentally as well as physically. There were a lot more vital bands locally, and everyone supported those bands—those bands worked together. I'd like to think it's on it's way back."

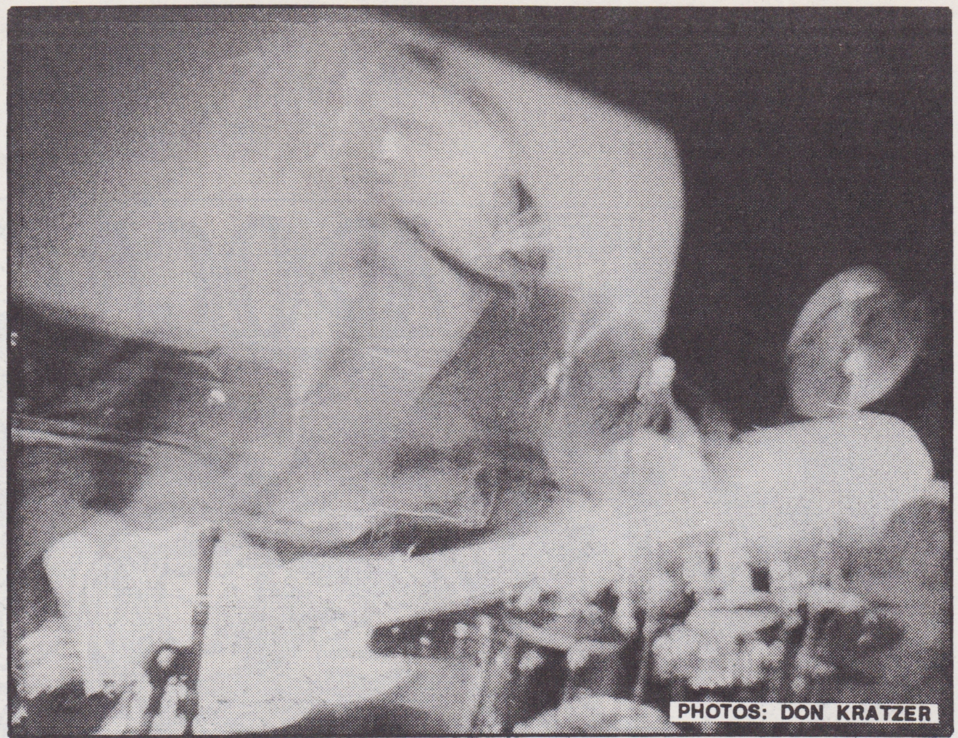
Moving from the confines of Detroit's Cass corridor to the too-mellow spaces of college town Ann Arbor has provided a stable base for the band, who drive cabs, make pizzas, sell army surplus and patchouli oil in order to afford a house to practice in. "Nobody fucks with you—it's real incognito," says Brannon, "In Detroit you've always got to be out watching your shit. We got ripped off big a couple times and it sucked."

"You can get work done in Ann Arbor," agrees Monroe.

The real work takes place in a carpet-lined basement practice pad, where songs are hammered out in rehearsals that include a lot of (sometimes heated) give and take between band members. "Everyone writes their own part," says John, who wrote much of the material in his former bands, "It's not like I write a song and say 'you play this and you play that'. We all work together. Songs ususally revolve around a bass line or a drum beat and it builds from there."

The different tunes that emerge—from backwoods stompers like "Hell's Kitchen," to "Gabriel", which features blue cornet blasts,—share a common chainsaw edge. "I don't like anything to polished," says John, "I like that fucked-up sound."

"I think what we capture is some kind of agression, some kind of enthusiasm and a point of reference that we're all working from," says Larissa, "I think we also work as mood music—some songs are much more upbeat or downbeat than others. We'd like to cover a wide range of emotions in our song writing."



PHOTOS: DON KRATZER

Kevin: "Zen Buddhism ain't nothin' but wine cooler boody-ism."

Because there are few places to play—and perhaps because the band believes they sound best in the basement—the Laughing Hyenas play out rarely, and when they do it's often in odd places, like Maxey's Boys' Prison. "A captive audience," Brannon says, deadpan. "A good show can happen anywhere—it doesn't have to be a bar or a hall. I'd like to play a wedding, but we'd have to learn 'Proud Mary'".

Since the beginning, the band has maintained a state of change, shifting members—ex-Surreal Estate drummer Jim Kimball is the most recent addition—and constantly renovating their music. Are they satisfied with the results? John: "I don't think we're ever satisfied, because song-wise we're always throwing things out and writing better ones."

Larissa: "We'll always try different things out—writing different material, expressing different viewpoints. Hopefully we can come across playing live with some kind of emotion that people will feel satisfaction from, but above all, we play for ourselves—if we like it, that's what's important. If they don't like it they can just walk out and that's fine because we liked it in the first place."

Kevin: "I hope we never look back on our old material and think it's way better than the material we're coming up with."

John: "As soon as we're satisfied we should just break up."

Larissa: "It doesn't matter what you play as long as it's energetic—we need something vital."

John: "Out with the old, in with the new."

ARTIST
APOCALYPSAAAAA
NON-STOP TO HELL-ALLABOARD!!!
AND MY VISION WENT ON.
WHEN THE SIXTH SEAL WAS OPENED, THERE WAS A GREAT EARTHQUAKE.
THE SUN TURNED BLACK LIKE A MOURNING DRESS.
THE WHOLE MOON TURNED BLOOD RED,
MUTHAFUCKA!!
Coca
RACE
GAC!!
PHBLT!!
... AND THE STARS IN THE SKY FELL TO EARTH, AS THE LATE FIGS DROP FROM A FIG TREE WHEN BLOWN BY A STRONG WIND.
ZIPPEDY-DOO-DAH
'NOTHER 'SHROOM?
+ EMC²
!
THE SKY RECEEDED LIKE A SCROLL, ROLLING UP, AND EVERY MOUNTAIN WAS REMOVED FROM ITS PLACE.
THANX TO ST. JOHN — Tivall O. © 87

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF OVER & OVER. AND SO THE APOCALYPSO. DANCE TO THE BEAT.

BILL IN BONDAGE
T. LABAN©87
TANG'S KRISPY THANG'S "EVERYTHING FRIED!"
WHERE AM I? THESE CLOTHES... THEY'RE AWFUL!
AT TANG'S, WE'RE PROUD OF OUR UNIFORMS, BILL. SIT DOWN AND READ YOUR MANUAL... THE MANAGER'LL BE WITH YOU SOON!
HERE COMES AL! DON'T FORGET TO SALUTE!
RRRR...
EMPLOYEES
1. NOW YOU WORK AT TANG'S KRISPY THANGS
TANG'S IS THE GREATEST RESTUARANT IN THE WORLD. WHY? BECAUSE WE MAKE BILLIONS. YOUR JOB IS TO MAKE US LOTS MORE. YOU MUST DED-ICATE YOURSELF BODY AND SOUL
TO US. BUT YOU WON'T BE JUST A COG IN THE MACHINE. YOU'LL BE PART OF THE "TANG'S TEAM".
2. THE TANG'S TEAM.
WE WORK EMPLOYEES TIL THEY DROP AND THEY LOVE US FOR IT. WHY? BECAUS AT TANG'S WE LEARN TO OBEY, UNQUESTIONINGLY.
THAT'S RIGHT! YOU KISS MY ASS AN' WE'LL GET ALONG FINE!!
YOU THINK YOU'RE TOUGH! I CAN TELL! WELL, I USED TA BE IN TH' HELL'S ANGELS! AN' EVEN THOUGH I KILLED 10 PEOPLE, TANG'S MADE ME PART OF THE TEAM! I'D DO ANYTHING FOR THIS STORE...
...AN ANY-ONE WHO WORKS WITH ME'D BET-TER FEEL THE SAME!
EEP!
DEATH
HEY DAMIEN! SHOW THIS NEW GUY HOW WE MIX UP BATTER FOR "SIRLOIN THANGS"!
SURE, AL!
BEEF NUGGETS
BILL, IT'S ESSENTIAL TO STIR THE SIRLOIN BATTER JUST RIGHT! TO MAKE SURE YOU DO THAT, THE SPOON'S ATTACHED BY SENSORS TO A SPECIAL COMPUTER. INCORRECT STIRRING WILL GET YOU A MILD ELECTRIC SHOCK!
GAAGH!!
SEE?
BZZAP!
SIRLOIN BATTER
UH... THANKS FOR SHOWIN' ME THIS STUFF, BUT, UH, I DON'T THINK I BELONG HERE... THIS'S JUST A BAD DREAM! I'M A MUSICIAN, REALLY... I PLAY IN A BAND!
TOO BUSY TO TALK NOW, BILL! HANG IN THERE! YOU'LL LOVE IT ONCE YOU LEARN TO DO IT RIGHT!

BBREEEEEE
OH NO! IT'S A RUSH!!! COME ON!
NO, REALLY, I GOTTA GO...
FASTER! WE NEED A THOUSAND MORE TASTEE TREAT PLATTERS!
AL! WE'VE RUN COMPLETELY OUT OF CHICKEN BITZ!
DAMN!! WITHOUT CHICKEN BITZ WE CAN'T MAKE TASTY TREAT PLATTERS! A CUSTOMER WALKOUT NOW WOULD RUIN OUR COMPETITIVE RATING... UNLESS...
AL, DON'T ASK ANYONE ELSE...
KILL
DEATH ROCKER
BORN TO PUKE
HARLY DAVISON
ROCK & ROLL
AL
...I VOLUNTEER!!
DAMIAN! THANK GOD! TANG'S WILL NEVER FORGET YOU!
VOLUNTEER?
FISH
ALLRIGHT! LET'S FRY UP THOSE PLATTERS! THE TANG'S TEAM PULLED THROUGH AGAIN!
BEEF CHUNKIES
FISH PARTZ
OH NO!!
CHICKEN BITZ
DOLLER SEVENTY FIVE, SIR...
GIMME A NAPKIN.
TANG'S KRISPY THANGS
TANG'S TASTY TREAT PLATTER'S
EMPLOYEES MUST CLEAR TABLE AFTER BREAK
HUH? WUH?
BILL! WAKEUP! WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM? THERE'S A RUSH ON!
END

TED NUGENT AND MORE TALES OF TERROR AND DEPRESSION:

ON TOUR WITH THE NECROS SUMMER, '87

PART ONE

BY BARRY HENSSLER

TAMPA 5/15/87

We spend a total of a half hour on stage, which leaves plenty of free time. Needless to say, to ward off boredom we've already invented a couple games, the first of which is called "I'm-from-out-of-town-and-you-think-I'm-famous-enough-to-do-an-in-store-at-your-record-outlet, therefore-anything-I-want-I can-have-free-of-charge." This game is amazing! Who's gonna call the cops on a band doing an in-store for shoplifting? No one I know, and if you did actually squeal, all your friends would call you an asshole for "Narc-ing, maaaaan." Okay I guess the clerks did protest some and I did hear "C'mon man, be cool, my manager will kill me if he finds out" a couple times, but a whiner has to yell pretty loud before I'll even hear 'em, and anyone whimpy enough to let that kind of noise hinder balls-out greed and assholism isn't Necros material and can get the fuck outta our van pronto! Meanwhile, Bad Brains "I Against I," the first three Wire LPs, and the entire Led Zeppelin, Rolling Stones, Cheap Trick, Black Sabbath and Kiss collections sound primo on compact disc. Believe me, we have plenty of time and boundless energy to make life hell for the city we're in and the people who live there.

MIAMI 5/16-17/87

Listen, I've been just about everywhere in the United States,

but in all my travels I've never seen a sicker, more fucked-up place than Miami. Imagine every small town eccentric from everywhere in the world on a tropical island, throw in millions of geriatrics and tons of pastel-motif architechture, and make sure *no one* speaks english—this will somewhat clue you in to the old Miami Beach experience. But unless you actually visit, you'll never know how much this place was made to suck my ass.

After driving straight from Tampa, we arrived at our hotel just as the sun was rising. The place really does look like a Miami Vice set—every building is neon-covered and a soft pink or purple. This might have been interesting if I was tripping but I wasn't and it only reminded me of Esprit clothing. Later, Herb, Todd, and I ventured out for lunch, only to find no stomachable-looking restaurants, much less ones with english-speaking proprietors. Finally we found a Burger King—in my opinion, Burger King has always been the dining equivalent of being catheterized, but with pickings so slim, who was I to complain? This Burger King might as well have been a five star N.Y.C. restaurant, as lunch was around $6 a piece. The food was shit of course, and the other patrons were pretty stylin' as well. This old bum sat down at our table and commented to Herb that he had a "lovely wife", meaning me (this was the start of many street folk mistaking me for a woman). Then the bum looked at me and asked, "M'am, could you spare the money for a cup of coffee?" I looked at him and said, "Well, I usually leave financial matters up to my husband." Then he wondered aloud if I was Swedish, and I answered, "Yes of course I am—all women as lovely as I am are Swedish." Meanwhile, Todd was heating up a quarter with a lighter under the table. When it was sufficiently hot he flipped it into the bum's hand and said, "Now hit the road you vagrant piece of shit!" Todd "subtle" Swalla, he never says much but when he speaks he means it. And bums would not leave us alone. As we left the B.K. lounge this 300-pound black woman in silver lame spandex with a wig to match kept grabbing my hair and saying shit in spanish which of course I didn't understand. She wouldn't let up either, until Herb kicked her in the ass and I doused her with the remainder of my ice tea. On the way back to the hotel Herb bought a notebook so he could write down all the stupid shit the heavy metal people would be saying on the tour. I was hoping that buying the notebook would take Todd and Herb's mind off the 300-pound black Cuban babe, but I should've known better—for the rest of the afternoon it was shit like "Hey Barry, where's your woman? Man, you *always* get the hot chicks!" "I speak Spanish y'know, and she was saying shit like 'take me from behind, you red-headed stud!' Really, no one should pass up on a hot bitch like that—especially a Simply Red-looking guy like you!" Thanks alot, you fuckers.

RALEIGH 5/22/87

Nothing too special went on here other than Herb displaying his sick attitude toward women. Somehow he conned me into coaxing a HM babe onstage ala Springsteen's "Dancin' in the Dark" video. But instead of letting the chick shake what she's got, Herb and Mega's drum tech, Chuck Beeler, come flying onstage with big rolls of duct tape. Before the girl knows what's up they've taped her hands and feet together and thrown her back in the audience. What a bunch of wacksters we have for a road crew. The same girl ended up blowing Chuck after the show.

WASHINGTON, D.C. 5/25-26/87

Our roadie Herb goes to U of Wisconsin, which from what I gather is a school for people not smart enough to go out east, or to U of M. Now I don't know this for sure, but from what I gather, U of W is full of lame, loud-mouthed, Jappy cunts. Okay, it's a horrible generalization, but it seems that everytime we pull into a town Herb knows some bitch named Mandy or Heather or blah blah blah....every one of them wears over-sized T-shirts and Bermuda shorts. Most of the time we only have to endure these twats and their grating voices, trite opinions, and Susanna Hoffs hairstyles for a little while, but in D.C. it was a different story.

PHOTO: DANA MENDELSSOHN

The author—frequently mistaken for a woman

While we were in the nation's capital, there was this "Viet Nam war, wasn't it shitty?" get together, so millions of nightmare-addled veterans and their families were there. As a result, every fuckin' hotel from Bethesda to Arlington was booked solid. I wasn't worried, though, because my girlfriend goes to college in D.C., so my ass was covered—I could stay with her. Being the selfish motherfucker that I am, I said "no way Jose and the pussycats" to the band's pleas for shelter, but as usual Herb had a bright idea: "I can call Marla—she'll let us stay with her!" This rest of this is from Todd's point of view, as I luckily wasn't there.

Marla immediately endeared herself to the band by saying "Oh my gawd, you guys look so *wild !* Until now Herb was the most punk person I'd ever seen—oh my gawd I've got to call Cheryl!" As far as Todd, Ron, and Andy were concerned, this gave them license to fuck the place up. Marla kept these really ugly South American ferret-like animals for pets, and since her parents were on vacation, she was letting them run loose throughout the house. For some reason they took a liking to Ron, who responded by flushing them down the toilet,

throwing them out windows, giving them acid, etc....things only Ron is capable of. When only one was left (the one called *Choppy*), Marla started getting whiny and concerned: "Where's Puff-Puff, Charlie, Belle and Tasha? Did you let them outside, Todd?" She got really uptight about it, but never once fathomed the thought that they were dead or anything. She was such an asshole that Todd pissed in her shampoo bottle, Andy poured beer in her dad's stereo receiver, and Herb broke a shelf in her bedroom which held all these cheesy glass unicorns and horses and shit on it. She yelled and screamed at Herb, but they ended up in bed anyway. Todd, Ron, and Andy were watching through the keyhole, and when things started to get heavy they busted in, grabbed Herb and Marla (both in the buff), threw them out on the bedroom terrace and locked the door. Then they went outside and bombed the terrace with bottle rockets. It took the cops like five minutes to arrive, but by then things had cooled down. The hostess was still pretty pissed, though, and started screaming (nasally) for everybody to leave "like right now *dammit !*" Instead of packing to leave, those guys—in typical fashion—stood around laughing and mimicking her, and pretended to apologize—"Gee we're *really* sorry, *really* we are! We'll behave, just give us another chance—pleeeeze!" She threated to call the cops, so they figured it'd be best to take it on the lamb—a good idea, but then they headed for my girlfriend's one-bedroom apartment. This is another story altogether.

We did two gigs at the Bayou, which was described to me as a club where "bands who've gotten a major label deal yet have never really played out live" tend to perform. I guess this is true, because losers like Mason Ruffner, Mr. Mister, and that dick who sings "Mandolin Wind" had either just played there or were slated to play there. Somehow both Mr. Mister and Hornsby made Rolling Stone's list of "Top concert grossings" that week—I guess The Grateful Dead or Phil Collins weren't performing anywhere those nights. Both shows went real good—there was a Southern-fried rock feel in the air and that must explain my feeling like a Van Zandt brother. Yeah—Barry Van Zandt, "Sweet home Ann Arbor, where the skies are buh-lue"—real happenin'! On the second night I was so drunk I fell off the stage, which wouldn't have been a big deal, except this particular stage was ten feet high. Luckily there were souls below kind enough to catch me.

PROVIDENCE 5/27/87

How many of you laughed at those "R.I.F.—Reading Is Fundamental" ads? Yeah, well me, too. But what I should have been doing is realizing how many people there are in the world who really have no use for knowledge. Most of these people are metal fans. Although Megadeth have been touted as a "smart metal band," the bulk of their fans make even the lowest diag-hanging, "Q-of-brew"-chugging 14-year-old punker seem like a scholar in comparison. Dig this exchange between Andrew and some banger in Providence:

Banger: "Hey, maaan, you guys kicked ass, you sound like Cryptic Molten Hell Motocross-ass-philia, ever heard of 'em? They kick! Uh, can I get six T-shirts?"

Andy: "Thanks guy, but no, we don't have any T-shirts left—we'll have more in N.Y.C. tomorrow."

Banger: "That's cool, man. Then can I have two T-shirts?"

Ron is always saying, "Their money's green, too, " but I say fuck that. When he's onstage, Mustaine always refers to the audience as "you fuckin' idiots," and with good reason. No wonder Steven King is the most popular author among metalers—these people should have to take an equivalency exam before they can come to the show.

N.Y.C. 5/28/87

N.Y. is one of my favorite places to play or hang out. Seduce was also in town to do a few showcases (one at the Cat Club was to 11 different major labels) so it was cool to see friends from home. Got an amazing Stooges studio bootleg while record shopping with Chuck (drums). All he bought were Killing Joke records. What is it with metal people and early Killing Joke, anyway? Metallica do a K.J. song on their new E.P. Saw half the records I own on various record store walls priced at $25 or above—made me feel like I've made "smart investments."

The gig was at a place called Lamour's in Brooklyn, a place set up like the old City Club in Detroit, only bigger. Before the bands went on the audience slam danced to Metallica records—only in Brooklyn could a heavy metal discotheque exist. They should follow up "Saturday Night Fever" with a metal sequel and shoot it at Lamour's.

In hindsight I remember this gig sucking major tool, but I just read a review of it in Creem Metal that said it was great. Therefore let's say that it really jammed.....everyone in the audience had a cool book in their back pocket and a bunch of 'em came backstage to discuss Truffaut and Fellini films with me. We got four thousand encores. A bunch of really happenin' models with great drugs took us to exclusive nightclubs and then back to their incredibly stylin' apartments, where they fucked each of us into oblivion. The next morning the babe I was with (whose name was Paulina) cooked me breakfast, bought me a car, and gave me a bunch of rare records, including Indonesian Stooges, MC-5 and T-Rex singles. The girl Andrew was with decided it must be a drag touring by van, so she bought us a Lear jet. Since all these models had pilot licenses, they joined the entourage and we finished the tour by air. Bitchin' or what?

ALBANY

Man, this town is about as exciting as a Circle Confusion dance mix. Soundcheck and dinner were over by 6:00 p.m. so we were free til showtime. The town offered nil so we decided to pass the time by playing "nutcracker," a game that originated in Tampa and was in full swing by the time we got to Atlanta. The object is to see how many people you can "inadvertently" smack in the balls. The point chart is: 2 points for using ice cubes, 3 for empty beer cans, 5 for full, 15 for a fist, and 25 for an inanimate object. Double points for anyone in Megadeth. Since all of us are greedy but lazy it was open season on the Mega guys. Poor Gar (drums) must've gotten nailed 50 times. Every time I turned around I heard "Hey Gar, wanna brew?" and "Think fast, Gar!" He was an easy target because we all knew he was to be kicked out of the band at the end of the tour. The most ingenious "whacka" of the night had to go to Ron, though. Just prior to going on stage Ron was talking to Dave Mustaine while warming up with his bass. He played the opening bass line to "Peace Sells" and then goes "Well we're going on so I gotta go." Ron turned around, and ker-smacko, square in Mustaine's *heuvos* with the headstock of his bass. He could barely conceal what turned into a fit of laughter as I high-fived him. The Mustaine wad slap put Ron in the lead with 650 points, and it looked like Ron would be "King Wacka-wad" that night, but Herb, being the competitive type, kicked every

single stage diver in the nuts. Since Albany turned out to be pretty fuckin' wild, he got to wear the nutcracker crown that night, turning in a cool, even1000 points.

PITTSBURGH 7/2/87

One of the best gigs of the tour so far. Ron and I spent the hour prior to stage time on Megadeth's bus doing massive amounts of blow. Something about doing blow and then walking out of a huge tour bus to play makes even a portly Danny Partridge clone like myself feel like Bon Jovi. Anyway, the show was manic, crazy, wild, nuts, etc....a friend of ours, Mike Lavella (who plays bass in a rockin' band called Half Life) introduced us as "the best band in the world". We of course laughed and could barely get through one song because of the stagediving and head-banging freaks in the audience.

After we played, Lavella took us over to a club called Graffitti to check out Fuzzbox. They were indeed the men I said they were on our WYNU interview. These chicks were fuckin' nasty! They try to mask it with wild hair and wacky clothes, but anyone able to breathe could see through it. I have two words for Fuzzbox and the British Isles in general: DENTAL HYGIENE! Toothbrushes and toothpaste are cheap, and so are big brown paper bags—utilize them!

After the Box "kicked ass" through their set and began their encore, we coerced Herb into jumping onstage. He danced with the lead singer (who *must* have had a penis, judging from the hair on her upper lip), humping up against her, disco style....she thought it was funny (actually she probably thought "At last! A chance to rid myself of that troublesome virginity problem!") Afterwards, Fuzzbox's tour manager came over to us and whined and bitched and moaned at us like the little fucker that he was, saying things like "Would I come to a (grabs Herb's tour ID and reads it) *Megadeth* concert and jump onstage? No I wouldn't, blah blah blah, etc...." He really was annoying and I don't blame Lavella a bit for putting him in a headlock, dragging him to the bathroom, and giving him a massive swirly—especially since I suggested the idea.

CLEVELAND 7/3/87

Before we left on this tour, Mike Rubin, Mötörhöme crooner and Chuck Eddy publicity agent, said to me: "Write a tour diary and make it as 'rock' as possible! Y'know—lotsa drugs and lotsa sex—*lotsa* sex!" I guess I could write about sex on tour but it'd be so typical, y'know? Bands getting laid on tour is no big deal, even a band with a member as ugly as me. Sex stories are a big yawn as far as I can see, unless they're embarassing to the people involved, and considering how well it'd go over with my fellow band members if I spilled the beans about any of their (many) hilarious sexcapades, I'll keep quiet. However, there are plenty of our pals who do plenty of embarassing shit with plenty of "fine ladies".....take for instance Cleveland, where many of our homeboys were down for the gig. The show went surprisingly well for being so close to home—a fuckin' rabid crowd for the most part. But talking about "on stage" crap is nearly as typical as saying "Ron was so drunk he passed out, and when he woke up a girl named Jill Greenberg was busily suckling his man-meat like a newborn." Whoops! ...Ah, what the fuck? Ron'll live. Anyway, after the show we were hanging out backstage with the usual amounts of metal babes. The conversation capabilities of these mamas were endless....a typical snatch: "I'm currently deciding between Berkeley and Columbia for grad work." "I'm a Russian Lit major and I'm graduating this year—any room in the Necros corporation for me?" Actually I'm a liar, a typical conversation for these girls would go like this: "Isn't my perm cool? Steven Piercy from Ratt has a *huge* cock! " "Let's smoke some pot! What?! You've breathed in the same room as Dave Mustaine?! Can I blow your whole family?" "You've met *Judas Priest?!* Can I eat your poop?!" I guess the reason I don't care for this kind of attitude

Yet another Necrophile

isn't so much the promiscuity of it, but because of the bands involved. Wait, I take that back....I'd hate anyone who'd want to blow somebody in the Cult or Guns-n-Roses even more. But anyway these chicks—cultureless (unless you count going to the mall a lot) and cheesy as they are—provide quite a bit of hilarity, and as a result we let them hang around *a lot.* And when I say hang I don't mean like off the end of our pork swords—of the hundreds of tits I've signed, I can easily say that 80% of the babes the boongas belonged to had some sort of sea life crawlin' round their nether regions. We don't generally touch that stuff with a ten foot pole, although we know plenty who do. Case in point: midway through Megadeth's set, two of our bros and Herb disappear with an almost-high school graduate, Mike Monroe lookalike chick named Leila Hemphill. Being the naive type, I figure they're just jammin' to the Deth's set, but when I go off to the other dressing room for beer number like sixty-eight, what do I see but a naked (except for a custom Cheap Trick-style Necros shirt and an absolutely huge, obnoxious, Sweet button) Eric Oberlander (drummer extrordinnaire for Gone in Sixty Seconds) on the receiving end of a furious hand job from Leila's right hand, while caressed in Lovely Leila's left was Herb Rosen's massive schlong. Herb, the ham as always, was busily flexing his muscles, cracking jokes, etc... actually trying to be the center of attention. What a butthead. But the crown prince of this sleazy scene was John "Booger" Wiles. Compared to many (hell, all) of John Buddy's previous sex partners, this Leila tramp was a princess—of the three of four hundred girls Boogs has boned, maybe two or three at the most have been without mohawks, tatoos, and herpes. Anyway, ol' Boogs was all happy-faced 'cause he was the B.J. winner. I ran back and got a bell, but when I rang it, no one changed places like the Beastie Boys would. After all those guys made faces like they'd seen John Holmes make in porno flicks, Herb and John pulled one of rock's biggest *faux pas.* Imagine two smart, cynical, and hilarious dudes acting like this:

Herb: "Geez, it was really nice meeting you. Can I have your number? I'll call you...etc."

John: "Y'know, I've never met anyone quite like you—I feel like I've known you forever. Maybe we should move in together...I think I love you."

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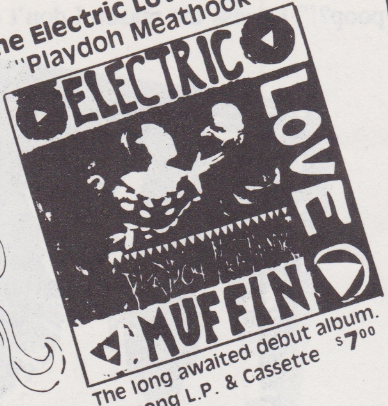

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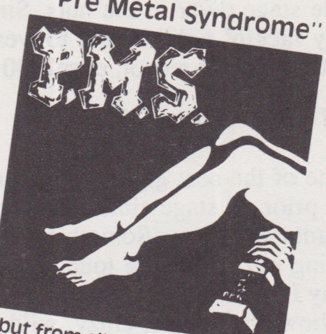

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I'm sure anyone would excuse the entire band for kicking the fuck out of both Herb and John. My man Eric, on the other hand, came out of the impromptu sex den laughing his ass off—he knows how to keep things in perspective.

Well Mr. Rubin, here's your "sex, *lotsa* sex" story—stupid but true as it is.

DETROIT 7/4/87

Not many people know this (although it's something I'm fiercely proud of), but I'm Ted Nugent's god son. The Nugents are old friends and both our families have cottages in northern Michigan. Ever since I was a tot the loin cloth clad Nuge would come over covered in blood gore and gristle, with a knife in his mouth and the remnants of a deer or moose in his hands. "I just killed dinner," he'd always say with a big smile on his face, "Here, take some!" I think it was his personal mission to keep everyone from becoming vegetarian (or "plant-eating faggots," as he'd always put it). In the summer after sixth grade I was lucky enough to be in the entourage for the tour supporting the ultimate Ted LP, *Cat Scratch Fever*. He brought me along mostly to keep people laughing (since he thought my wit to be sharp) and also because my parents were getting divorced. I'm sure I was a hassle to have along, but Nuge's patience was boundless. I learned a lot that summer and was with the Motor City Madman while he was writing classics like "Yank Me, Crank Me" (I actually penned the punchline chorus to that one), "Gonzo" (which really was nothing more than riffs from Nuge's other songs strung together while Ted screamed "Gonzo! Gonzo!" over the din), and my favorite, "Wang Dang Sweet Poontang" (what a wizard, that Ted). Since Ted did mold a lot of my rock attitudes as well as being a bitchin' role model in general, it made sense that Nugent would be down to check out the 'Cros gig when the Mega gypsy entourage made its way to Motown.

As we drove up to the back of Harpos (where we were billed as the Nicros so the locals wouldn't get uptight and think the fuckin' marquee said Negroes) Andy spied Ted first, and started screaming "It's the man, the fuckin' man, the gun-totin', axe-slashin' motherfucker himself—the mighty NUGE!!" Then Andy got this gleam in his eye that convinced me that he was thinking of one of the two experiences we'd both shared with the Nuge: 1. The time when Andy and I were ten and Ted let us have free reign with his weapon collection (we chose matching 12 guage shotguns and proceeded to shoot out all our neighbors' windows), or 2. the time the Nugents were building a pool on their farm, and Ted, ever the innovator, decided that it would be cooler, quicker, and funner to dig the hole using dynamite and buried mortar shells. As usual, Ted was correct. It was like eighty-million fourth of July celebrations at six in the morning, and by seven in the evening it was swim time. I later found out that I was wrong—Andy was thinking back to when Tedly showed him all the leads to "Stranglehold" and "Hibernation." Anyway, the Nuge had like six hunting buddies with, and all were immediately guestlisted while Nuge recounted a recent trip to the Australian outback, where he hunted wild boars and kangaroos without any weapons...."The little fuckers are a lot stronger than you think. You gotta coco-butt 'em once you've wrassled 'em down, and half the time they won't stay conked out so you gotta hit 'em with a rock six or eight times and the fuckin' things keep thrashin' around while they're out of it, and ya just get so frustrated you end up rippin' out their jugulars with your teeth! Fuck! The local abbos eat grubs right outta the ground, they say they taste like whipped cream, but I didn't try none o' that shit— those Aussies are wild motherfuckers!" On and on and on, the Nuge can talk, that's no lie. And of course he was hellbent on going onstage with us. He pushed back his Aussie safari hat and said "Know and 'Cros jams? Fuh, I wrote all the songs that they stole from for their material! Sheeit, I taught Andy everything he knows on guitar, 'cept for what he learned from James Williamson when Jimbo used to babysit him!" The Harpos management said no go, though, something about opening bands upstaging headliners or some such blather. I suggested that maybe Ted should kick it with Megadeth, but he laughed, slapped me in the head, and said "Fuck that pussy ass monkey bullshit, let's go somewhere where we can really get down!"

We all readily agreed, so Nuge, his hunting pals, and our entourage turned around and decided that Ted's farm would be the place to be. Blowing off Harpo's to play in Ted's custom ballroom was the coolest thing we could've done—watching Andy and Ted dueling leads on "Big Chief" was godhead! At one point as Ted was digging into his birdland he simultaneously kicked the left P.A. stack so hard it spun to face him, and screamed, "Yowwwww I need more fuggin' side fills, bitch !!"

It's experiences like this that keep life vibrant and laughs rollin'.

PHOTO: JAYNIE

The worst part of the Chicago nightmare

CHICAGO 6/5/87

The gig was at the Aragon Ballroom, which seats 3500 heavy metal asses and sounds like an echo chamber at best. We got a "polite" response. This means they didn't boo us off the stage, but just sort of grumbled after each song. When Overkill played there with Slayer, Bobby Gustafsen (guitar) was hit in the head by a crowbar. Lamest response so far, reconfirming my hatred for the uselessness that is Chicago and its people. Heavy metal Chicagoans—the thought makes me shudder. To top the horrible evening off, some punker named Chris Björklund somehow gets onstage and tells us we'd better jam with

him—or else. So I asked "Or else what?" and he said "Or else my brother will waste your ass when you get to Minneapolis!" Being arrogant fuckers (and in bad moods besides), we just laughed, told him to "suck our balls," and walked offstage because our set was over anyway. Undaunted, Björklund plugged into Andy's stack and started to "rock." He played a bunch of Strike Under tunes, early Black Flag and Effigies, but when he started playing Blood Sport songs the bouncers took it as a last straw. As they were tossing him out (Dan Armstrong guitar in hand), I heard him yell "You dicks will be sorry!" "You fuckers!" "Assholes!" etc.......we just laughed. But boy would we be sorry.

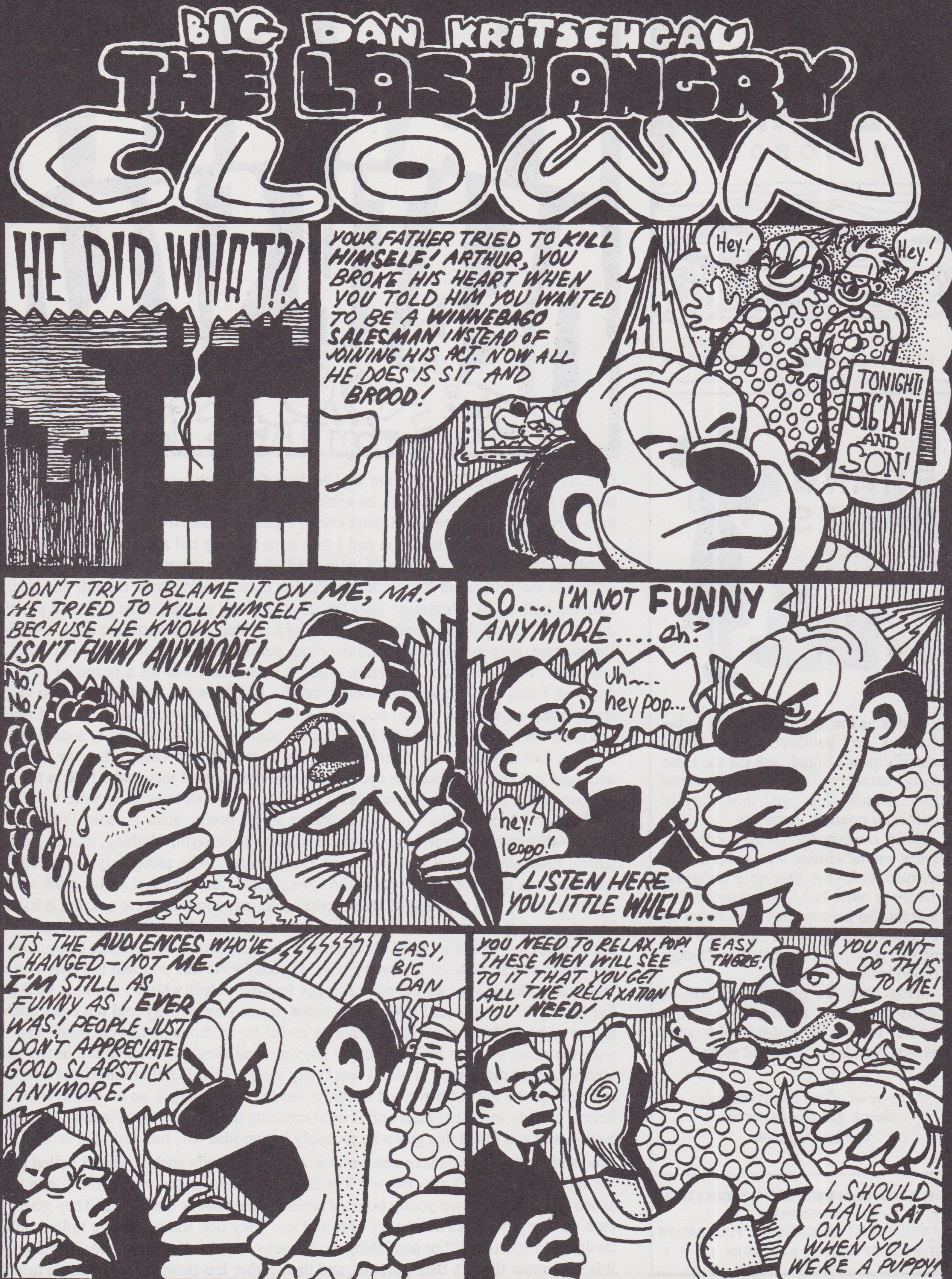
MINNEAPOLIS 6/7/87

I was in a boss mood for this one—how often is it that a guy like me has the chance to tread upon the same that my main man Prince filmed Purple Rain on? Any out-of-towner would assume that the aura of his purple badness pervades the First Avenue Club—not to mention the rest of the city—and I must admit that on the drive from Milwaukee, "Raspberry Beret" was runnin' through my head. But once you arrive in the city that only allows its black musicians bathing privleges (Don't believe me? Take a whiff next time Dave Pirner is in town), you quickly realize there is a megastar who's sphere of influence dwarfs the Purple One's many times over.

As I step out of the van at First Avenue I'm confronted by a HUGE (D. Boon, Me, and Andy times six) greasy metalhead glaring straight at me. Before I've taken even two steps he picks me up by the ears and bellows: "Hey you fat little fucker, you better've treated the King's little bro righteously in Chi-town, otherwise you're dead carcass!" I'm scared shitless. I thought only spineless anglophile collegiate art faggots "rocked out" to Breaking Circus, but boy was *I* wrong—it's obvious they attract their share of chain walleted, mouthbreather metal folk as well. (I was later to find this last observation the biggest understatement ever made in the history of mankind.)

Later that evening, I walk out onstage to face a sea of longhairs wearing Breaking Circus T-shirts. I look further, and what I see in the middle of the crowd makes me do a doubletake that'd make any vaudvillian proud. Held aloft by adoring heavy metal fans sits Steve Björklund himself—on a jeweled throne, wearing a long flowing robe and a jewel-encrusted crown. His face has the look of innerpeace and self-assuredness that only comes to people gifted with talent like Colin Newman's—or at least "sexy" Bob Mould's. As our intro tape ends we attempt to start our first song, but the crowd begins a chant, drowning out the music: "Björklund! Björklund! Björklund!" I glance over at Andy; tears are welling up in his eyes (a side note: I have only seen Andrew weep once, when we were both eleven and his sister had given him chocolate Ex-lax as a joke. He broke her arm.). Needless to say, the chanting by "Circus Youth" gets the waterworks flowing in the 'Cros camp, like immediately. We throw down our instruments in a huff and storm off. Still intent on winning the audience over, we go back onstage and try a Wire medly, but during "The 15th" the hail of bottles was so heavy that the sheer force drove us off, completely defeated. A hush came over the audience and King Björklund just laughed—Prince ain't shit in that town compared to the mighty Steve. The same fuckin' thing happened to Megadeth, too.

NEXT TIME: ***Doing a "Gene Simmons" from the wrong end in Tijuana***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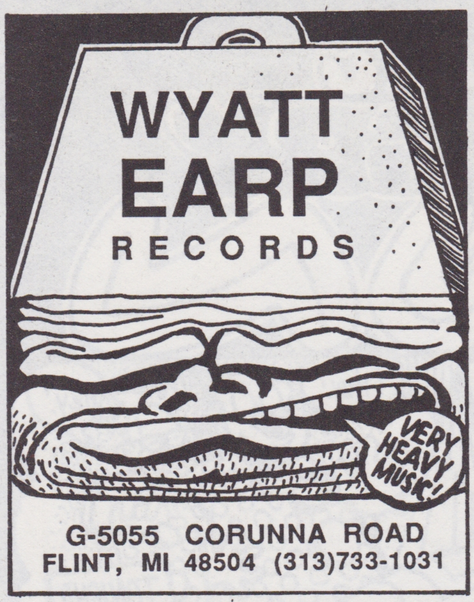
THE LAST ANGRY CLOWN
HE DID WHAT?!
YOUR FATHER TRIED TO KILL HIMSELF! ARTHUR, YOU BROKE HIS HEART WHEN YOU TOLD HIM YOU WANTED TO BE A WINNEBAGO SALESMAN INSTEAD OF JOINING HIS ACT. NOW ALL HE DOES IS SIT AND BROOD!
Hey!
Hey!
TONIGHT! BIG DAN AND SON!
DON'T TRY TO BLAME IT ON ME, MA! HE TRIED TO KILL HIMSELF BECAUSE HE KNOWS HE ISN'T FUNNY ANYMORE!
No! No!
SO.... I'M NOT FUNNY ANYMORE.... eh?
Uh... hey pop...
hey! leggo!
LISTEN HERE YOU LITTLE WHELP...
IT'S THE AUDIENCES WHO'VE CHANGED—NOT ME! I'M STILL AS FUNNY AS I EVER WAS! PEOPLE JUST DON'T APPRECIATE GOOD SLAPSTICK ANYMORE!
EASY, BIG DAN
YOU NEED TO RELAX, POP! THESE MEN WILL SEE TO IT THAT YOU GET ALL THE RELAXATION YOU NEED!
EASY THERE!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!
I SHOULD HAVE SAT ON YOU WHEN YOU WERE A PUPPY!



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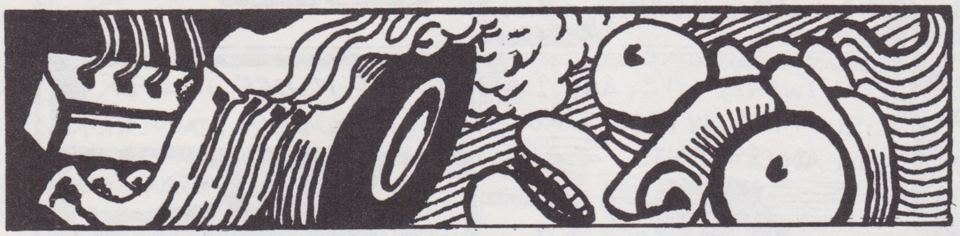
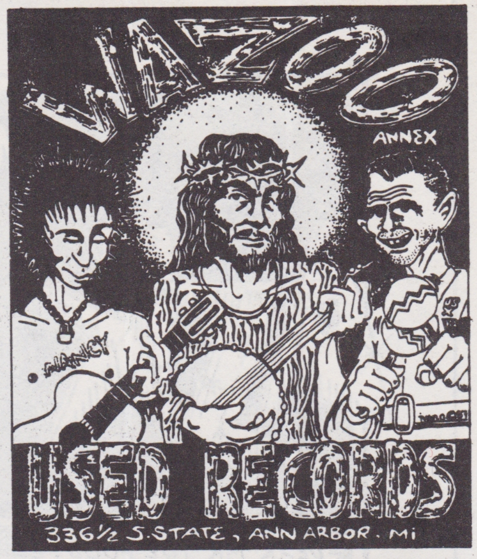
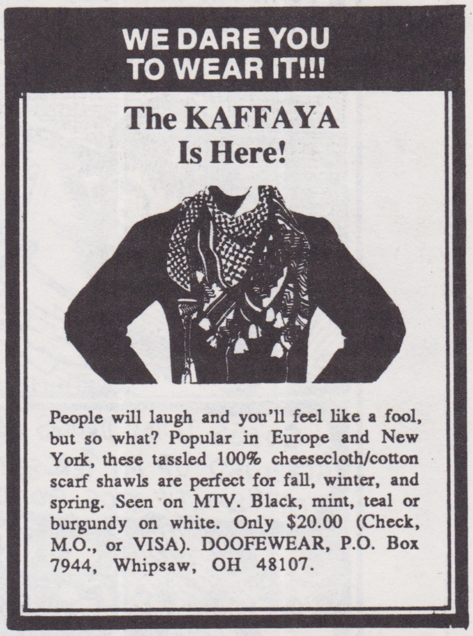
One day I'm driving home from my girlfriend's, which is sort of strange in itself because she has a car and I don't, so most of the time she drops me off at my house and then drives herself home, but I don't know, I guess I must have borrowed my Sister's car. Anyway, I'm driving home and I turn onto this big hill and I couldn't see worth shit because it was an obstructed view kind of a situation and just as I'm about to complete the turn some hot golden sports job comes racing over the hill and nearly kills the both of us. A minute later I'm driving along and the same guys are cruisin' down the blacktop right in front of me. All of a sudden they pull off the road, and after I pass them, they swerve back onto the road, pull up right behind me, rip into the left lane, gun it and pass me. Oh yeah...I ought to mention that it's a beautiful summer day and I don't have air conditioning, so the windows are wide open when these lemonheads toss a rock at me, and we're talking 35-40 miles per hour. O.K. it might not have been a rock—it might have been a penny—but I'm not really sure 'cause I couldn't find anything in my car, but it really doesn't matter 'cause whatever it was it had mass and could've taken an eye out or broken my nose if they had hit me in the eye or nose which they didn't, 'cause I don't think they were athletes; they wore too much jewlery and looked like they were trying to be pretty boys or something—you know—slicked back, every- hair-in-place hairdos, sleek stylin' clothing, mucho grundo tanned hides and all, but they were just too *pathetic* to be pretty boys—I mean, all their hair was in place, but it was in the *wrong* place, and they had all the sleek stylin' clothing, but it was the kind of sleek stylin' clothing, and they were tan, but it looked like they got their tans out of a jar of rustoleum, and that's a pretty sad thing if you think about it—trying to be of all miserable things a pretty boy but not being able to pull it off and so none of the pretty boys or pretty girls like you and the only people who really like you are all the other scraggy looking people who are trying to be pretty but can't. To me it would make more sense to just stay scraggy and not even bother trying to be pretty, 'cause you'ld save an awful lot of money and you would end up with the same scraggy looking people anyway, and they only nicked me in the chin with whatever they threw at me. I was really shaken. All I could think about was that story about the guy who wanted to throw out his bowling ball, so he tossed it out of his car at sixty miles per hour and it went crashing through the car window of the guy behind him and killed this guy who probably has no idea why he's dead but he is dead and it does sort of make you wonder. And I was really shaken when I pulled up to the light and wouldn't you know it I'm idlin' right next to the very same flashy gold sports car that these two young burritos probably pass off as their own. They go try to pick up scraggy chicks at scraggy bars and say "Hey tits, wanna see my billion dollar flashy gold sprots car?" or something really tacky like that, but what's really sad about it is you know that it's their parents', and their father lets them drive it twice a month.

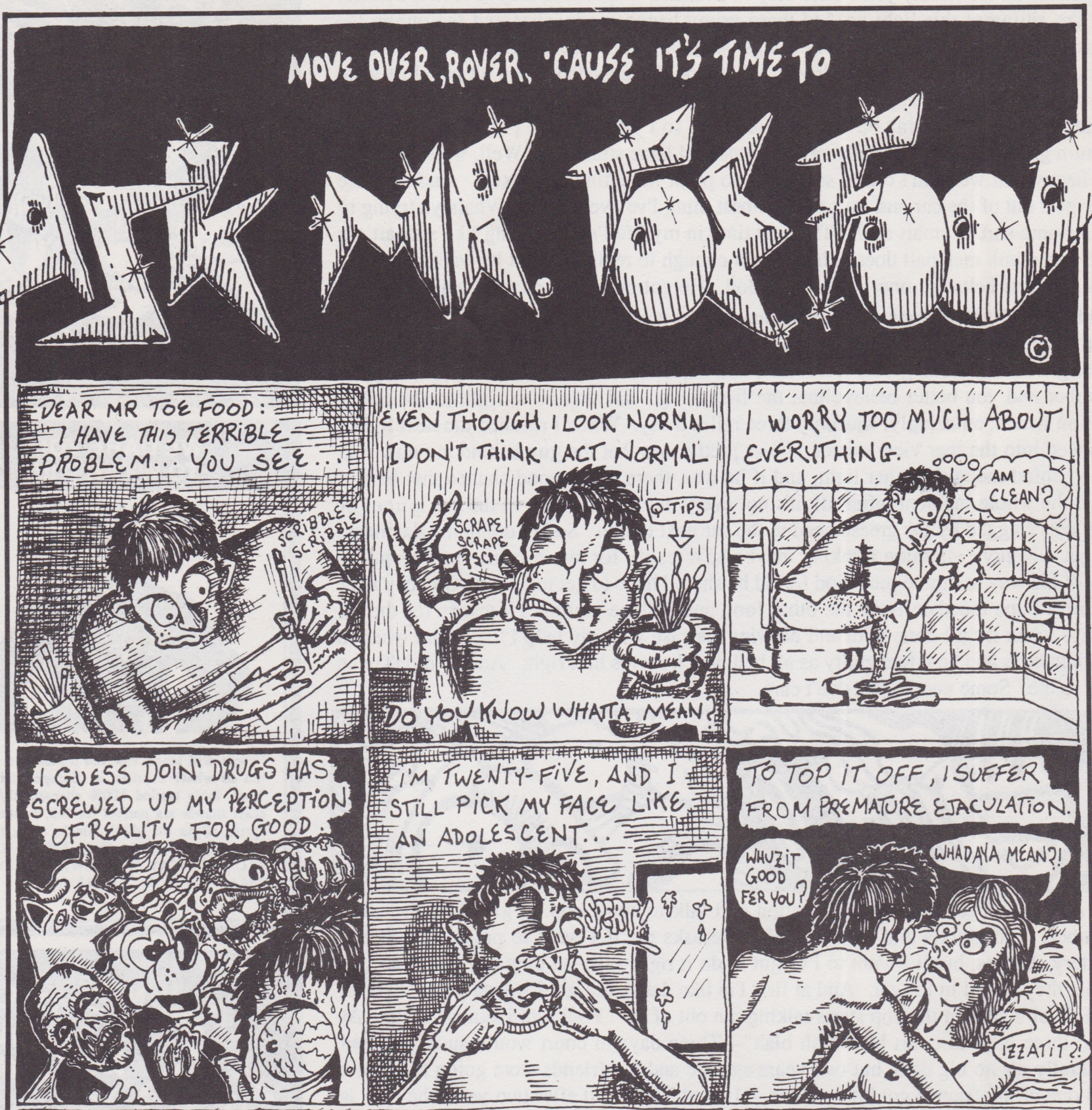
Either that or they save up twenty years for a stupid sports car that they'll be making payments on for twenty years after they've smashed it up 'cause they're such ass holes. So I'm sitting at this light next to these grimy bacon sandwiches and the one in the passenger seat starts saying dumb things, sounding a lot like Sly Stallone, "What the fuck's your problem? Can't ya drive? What woulda happened if you hit us? Just what da ya think woulda happened—huh?" I can be a real smart ass sometimes, but this time I figured it wouldn't be such a wise thing, so I just sat there praying for the light to turn green and occassionally saying some real lame stuff like, "Well, we should just be happy that we didn't crash, so there's no point in getting too upset." And then the guy gets out of the car and says the dumbest thing I've ever heard, "Whata ya trying to be? Some sort of smart ass?" The first time in my life I'm not acting like a smart ass and this dumb meatball doesn't have brain enough to realize it, and he walks up to my window and belts me one. Honest to God. He got out of his car and wallops me in the face. If I'd have known he was gonna call me a smart ass and proceed to punch me in the face, I would've at least been a smart ass. And then, just as soon as he belts me, the light finally turns green. At least I had a chance earlier to read his license plate number and you better believe that the first thing I did was drive right to the police station which, amazingly, was only three miles away. When I reached the next light I glanced into the rear view mirror. I was pretty sure that the guy behind me now was also behind me at the other light, and if he was, there was a good chance that he had seen the whole incident, after all, it's not every day that the guy in the car infront of you gets slugged by the grease head in the car next to him. So I'm doing my damndest to get this guy's attention thinking maybe he'll testify for me in court, but he's going out of his way to ignore me. God forbid he should have to get involved. One day later in life I hope the shoe is on the other foot, and believe you me I'll testify for the rat 'cause when it's all done with and he wins his case with my help I'll tell him what an asshole he is and he'll feel guilty as all hell which serves him right. And he didn't even notice me. Some people just don't care.



Anyway, I get to the police station and talk to some cop. I give him the plate number, descriptions and all that stuff. He asks me if I want to press Assault and Battery charges, but if I want to I've got to do it right away so they can catch the two while they're still in the car. And at first I'm like damn straight I wanna press charges, and all of a sudden the cop starts talking me out of it. "Your word against theirs...At least three days in court blah blah blah"—Three days in court would suck. I mean generally it's no big deal, but two years ago me and my friends were going to a show and one of my friends got hit by a car—Hit and Run—and after two years the case is finally coming due and that would mean one or two days in court, and then there are these two slimy bastards, Shanon Hemingway (pretty boy) and P.J. Capling (drug dealer) who subletted my house and trashed it and didn't pay rent and at the time it looked like we were small claims court bound and now we're up to a total of six days in court over the course of one month and I didn't even do anything wrong and I'm getting all confused because I want to press charges so these stinkweeds can get what they deserve, but it's not even an open and shut case like it ought to be 'cause it's my word against their's and all I want to do is go home, sleep, think about it, make up my mind in the morning, but no chance 'cause the cop's needling away—"Decide Now—No time to hesitate—Catch 'em in the car—Decide Now!", but hell, six days in court is just too much. I had to go to court for the other stuff 'cause people were counting on me. The cop reassured me that these two hoods probably lived at home and he could talk to their parents. Some consolation. I said fine and asked him to call me and tell me how it turned out, but you see this happened in West Bloomfield and I live in Ann Arbor and he said that the police department can't make long distance phone calls. That was about a year ago and I still don't know how it turned out. I never bothered calling back. I mean what would it accomplish?



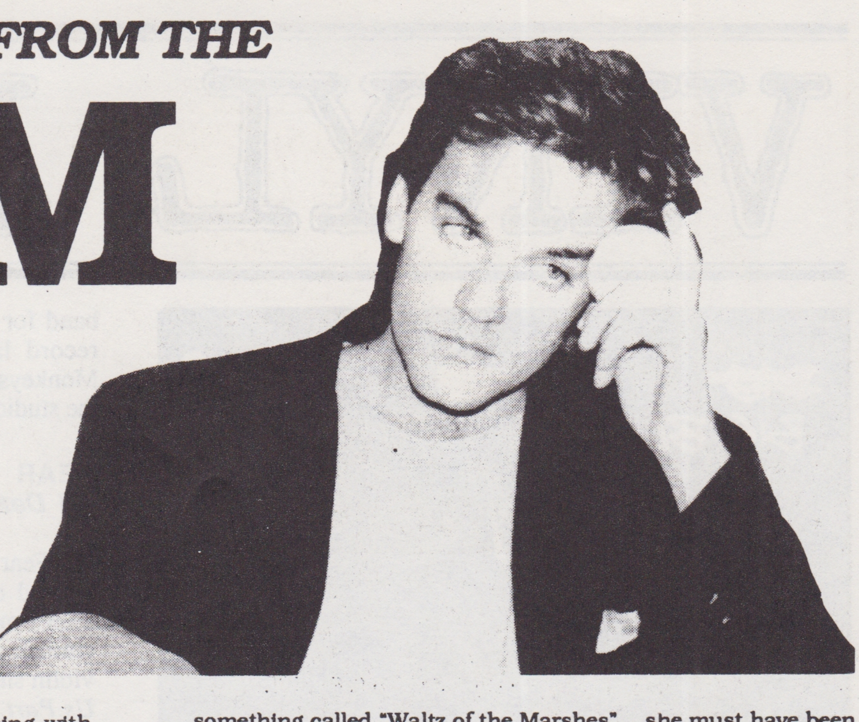



MOVE OVER, ROVER, 'CAUSE IT'S TIME TO
ASK MR. TOE FOOD ©
DEAR MR TOE FOOD: I HAVE THIS TERRIBLE PROBLEM... YOU SEE...
SCRIBBLE SCRIBBLE
EVEN THOUGH I LOOK NORMAL I DON'T THINK I ACT NORMAL
SCRAPE SCRAPE SCRA
Q-TIPS
DO YOU KNOW WHATTA MEAN?
I WORRY TOO MUCH ABOUT EVERYTHING.
AM I CLEAN?
I GUESS DOIN' DRUGS HAS SCREWED UP MY PERCEPTION OF REALITY FOR GOOD.
I'M TWENTY-FIVE, AND I STILL PICK MY FACE LIKE AN ADOLESCENT...
SPERT!
TO TOP IT OFF, I SUFFER FROM PREMATURE EJACULATION.
WHUZIT GOOD FER YOU?
WHADAYA MEAN?!
IZZATIT?!
I MEAN, IS THIS DEVIANT BEHAVIOR, OR WHAT?!
I DON'T CARE 'BOUT YOU! FUCK YOU!
MAYBE I'M JUST NEUROTIC. PERHAPS TOO PARANOID. WHADAYA THINK?
SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF
SIGNED — THE ZILCH
Dear Zilch: Your case is very complex. Send me $50.00,
DING! TIC TAC
FUG IT
then I'll cure you.
LOONEY? LONELY? PREGNANT? WRITE TO: DEAR MR. TOE FOOD P.O. BOX 7944 ANNARBOR, MI 48107

ONE SIZZLING PAGE FROM THE

REM

SUMMER TOUR DIARY



SUMMER— Kickin' off in Atlanta, sure seems dripping with home...all those weird girls with tank tops meltin' across the stage...have to get loaded just to face them. I keep wondering where they get the money to dress like cheap whores...must be they go to college. Couldn't do the Velvets cover tonight—beer makes me swiggle and I keep forgetting lyrics when they're not mine. Besides, we're bigger now than those dudes ever were. All in all I'm tired of this shit already and it's only the first night of the tour. Too many college assholes who were too young to see the Byrds and think we're them—man, it pays to be obscure and write things like "claims off beat the later, somehow far ahead", I mean they buy the lot of it.

NEW ORLEANS— This night is one hot motherfucker and sure enough it happens that I lost my teeth in the van on the way from Mephis, a show hardly worth remembering except that we finally played with Antietam, and man they really do sound like the Beatles—real, real, shitty. How can that chick be so awfully hollow and cheesy? Shit, I thought *we* could be cornballs....Dig, Mom sends me a spare set of teeth that fit kind of badly, and I can still manage to sing Seven Chinese Bros. without whistling too much, but the pain when I ate that deli food....rye bread is truly difficult with old green dentures, and needless to say, I didn't try to get any. Imagine the shock of me, Micheal "the hit man" Stipe looking like an old toothless queer....I guess sooner or later it's got to happen. Girls always want me to write them something, like I can really just sit down and become Donovan or something, and most of them aren't old enough to know who the fuck that little pip was. I sort of dig this old funky town, though, and got some new ideas for songs....like "Burning Fruit has posted/ in an old abandoned stare/ I wish this weight would tear/ A never-ending spare...the looking glass would only shave its heirlooms". New title could be "Ganymede Traveler". What with the temperature and athe surroundings, I could live here and pretend I was a Cajun.

MAMOU, LA— I gotta quit this fucking business...of all the stupid pud things, we have to play this shithole. This is swampland...those shithead aussie Scientists should come out to this muthafucka if they write that horrible two chord crap. It was like 107 in the shade...humidity was over 90%, and after getting lost while tripping on mushrooms in Baton Rouge we gotta do a Saturday morning radio gig on KEUN, a real smelly dead corpse of a radio station! I wanna go home...this guy, a craggly old cowshit-and-beans type whose teeth were a lousy mix of green and orange, was tryin' to get me to recite lyrics and talk about fucking Clifton Chenier and shit...amazing. On top of that stuff we go out in the early afternoon and find out our sound check is in a tent! The stage is three feet high and this is the Mamou civic auditorium. Forget what I said the other night about being a Cajun—I want my mom. These old fucks are scary and the women all smell from gin. There is no college within 100 miles of here... thank God some kids came down and this Indian babe gave me some serious organ tuning before the gig. As I'm writing I'm drinking root beer schnaaps (serious drinking) to forget this mutherhumpin' dump, and this old broad, Mrs. Alma Bartholomew, asking us do we know something called "Waltz of the Marshes"....she must have been sixty-five! Imagine! When I saw her I wanted to run back to church and ask God what I did wrong. Glad I got my new dentures or it all would have been too much to bear. Gave some dentist a pair of seats for the Lafayette show (that we cancelled as soon as this was over) to get me some quick choppers. Hell, I can't win...they'll probably fall apart in two weeks time. Boy, I'd like to get even with all these weirdos...I even got to play guitar, and they didn't notice I wasn't signin'...Who booked this? They're fired.

CHATANOOGA— Some real live ones out here tonight...I pissed my pants I was so wasted (peppermint schnaaps), and this girl whipped out a titty...it was small, but I thought this stuff only happened at metal gigs, and in Detroit. People were screaming ROCK AND ROLL YOU MUTHERFUCKERS! when I said we were going to do some Mott covers, and we did "Young Dudes" as Pete spied some young stuff he wanted to get into. I got some writing done before the gig, a new tune called "Once, in Spite of a Firehouse." Cool title. This chick in this band called Drop Some Change told me I was a big influence on her, and she'd like to pay it back...I asked her to have her mummy and dada send me a nice big check after she touched it...but the bitch bit me after putting it in her mouth. The south is horrible. I can't wait to play in some place like Minneapolis, where they think we're gods and we can show up limp bands like Husker Du, and those Soul Replacement creeps....I wonder if those monkeys ever bathe, I mean we try to. I think we need to rock more, maybe a sound change kind of like (haven't told the other lads yet) a cross between Robyn Hitchcock (a great fucking writer) and a harder-edged band like Lone Justice. I wanted a beer to offset the liquor, but there was none to be had—these idiots down here all drink Jack Daniels and Southern Comfort n' shit—too rough for this pud. I never thought I'd want to be up north, but after these two weeks, I think Athens is more like Ann Arbor or someplace....But I guess I can't complain too awful much....where else can a directionless college genius like me get such a good-paying gig, writing anything that comes to my brain and getting bigger than another former college intellectual: Cat Stevens. I been thinkin'...we really ain't so different, I mean our only break was that we had all that punk aftermath shit as momentum. All those people who were into Yes six years ago, discovering Carlos Casteneda and REM at the same time in their dorm rooms from someone who came from New York...I mean if all those little prisses knew that me and Pete both dug the shit out of Cat until he became a Moslem..."Sitting on my own I know I am/ somewhere not too far from here"....influence isn't the word, man. Even Roger "Killer" McGuinn digs us, and he's been divorced four times....I just can't believe it's this easy. Well diary, time to hit it and play with this sweet young (17) child, and preach the gospel of hip while getting even more fatigued for the Tulsa show, talkin' 'bout my generation....another deposit to send to Mom tomorrow, and another shithole to collect from in Oklahoma....

TO BE CONTINUED...

VINYL DUMP.

BIG BLACK
Headache **(Touch and Go)**

The band says its not as good as *Atomizer,* and if it's not as good as *Atomizer,* what's the point?

BIG BLACK
Heartbeat 7" **(Touch and Go)**

The fact that the promo poster for this slab of burnin' love says "Big Black fucks up a perfectly good Wire song" just goes to show that these bozos don't know what they're talking about—*Heartbeat* stands out as one of the hottest burnin' slabs of love released this year. It's got your typical Big black twin dueling outboard motor guitar gruff, but it's also got the lucrative disco/beatbox rhythm that could put a twinkle in Sandy Duncan's eye and a tap in Isadora Duncan's foot. The B-side cuts are pretty dispensible, but what the hell—when was the last time you played a B-side on a 45? Come to think of it, when was the last time you played any side of *any* 45?

JUNK MONKEYS
Firehouse **(Happy Face)**

Tear your jeans, toss your head back, and let 'er rip—that's Junk Monkeys-style rock n' roll. Energized, slap-happy melodies and a raucous delivery are the featured fare on Firehouse, the debut record from these hambone veterans of the Detroit club scene, who've been, among other things, Motor City glam rock love things The Mystery Girls, and the backup band for the hokie-pokie dementia of Jerry Vile. At times the record lacks the rope-a-dope gamefulness of a live Junk Monkeys set, but whoever heard of a bass amp dropping dead in the studio and no one noticing?

FEAR ITSELF
Til Death do Us Part **(Phantom)**

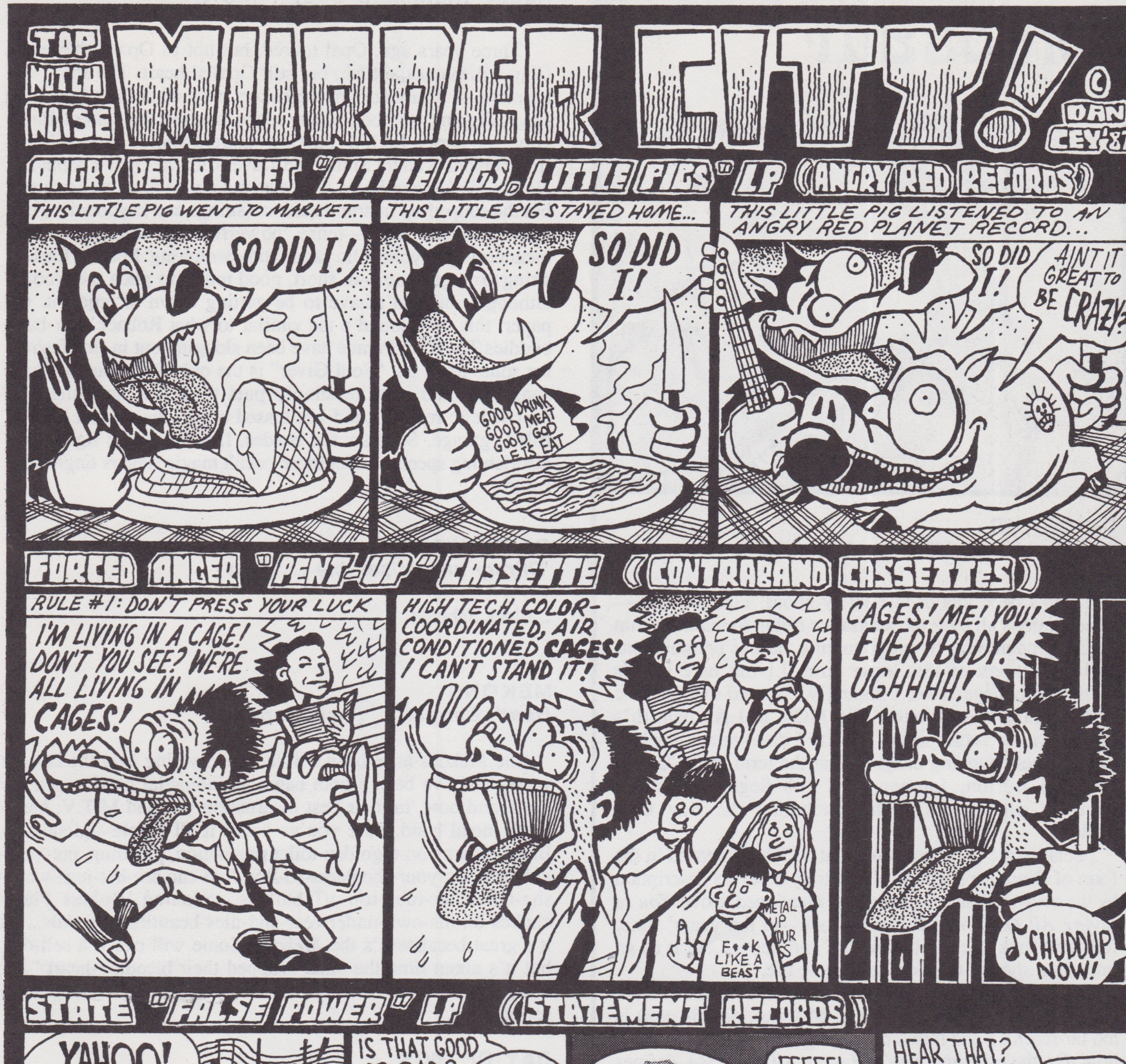
"Fear is the beginning of wisdom," quipped Sherman as he burned down Georgia, and although the guys in Fear Itself aren't much into barn burning, they seem to have come to a similar conclusion. From the opening *Psycho* shower scene violin shrieks to the closing sound of the big one, *Til Death do Us Part* is a no-holds-barred sonic grapple with the nature of fear....itself. Neither "brooding" nor "spooky," the band maintains a full-blast, head-first approach that swings from rock-steady rockin' to temper tantrum thrashy, fortunately getting more mileage from the former. Echo-edged, front-and-center vocals and raw nerve guitar (launching occasionally into stinging and proudly un-learn-ed leads) characterize the band's always-intense sound, and horrific-yet-point-blank lyrics make it clear that having "nothing to fear but fear itself" is a lot less comforting than it sounds. Awlright!

GENERALS
Danger Stranger 7" **(Vacant Crayon)**

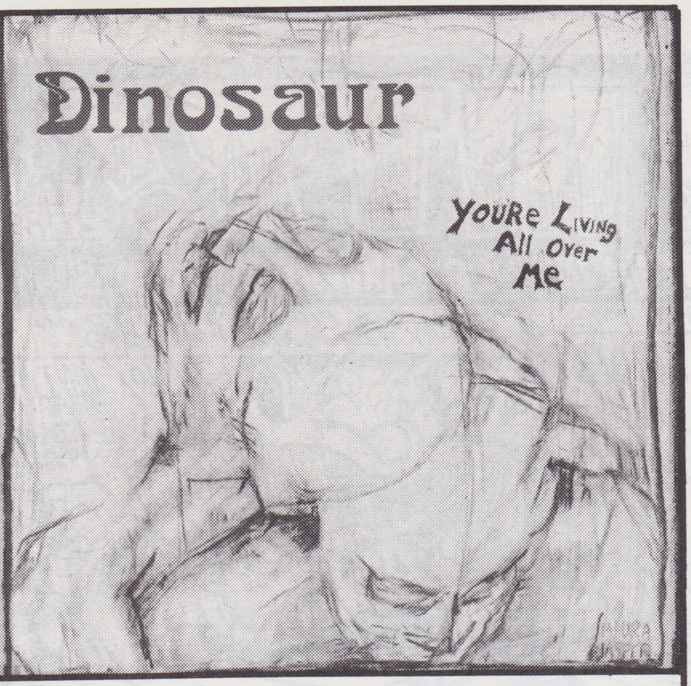
They say the 45 is on the way out, and although this debut disc from the survivors of Alien Nation and the Mangos doesn't make me wince the way my Algebra Mothers or Invisible Ink 45s do, it also doesn't make a strong case for keeping the things around. "Danger Stranger" is pinto-powered motor pop at its nippiest, trading initial grunge for two-part harmony in the first chorus, while the flipside is another story altogether. Inexplicably, included with this copy was an autographed photo of Bob Denver's feet.

ELVIS PRESLEY
The Complete Sun Sessions **(RCA)**

At first glance, *The Complete Sun Sessions,* released just in time for the tenth anniversary of Elvis' death, seems like a total ripoff, capitalizing on the renewed interest surrounding the fat man—three versions of "I Love You Because" and six versions of "I'm Left, You're Right, She's Gone"—seems a bit excessive to say the least. But closer listening reveals the King at his finest hour—off-the-cuff ad-libs, side-splitting flatulence, and mind-in-the-gutter babbling make this double LP the quintessential Elvis. Take 10, the nineteen-second version of "I'm Left..." closes with a rogue Elvis shouting "Suck my eye!", while in take 13 he calls out "Pull my finger, Sam, I got hot tubes!" during an instrumental break. And while the ten minute version of "I Love You Because" (during which Elvis imitates a jug band by playing his face) is no "Inna-Gadda-Davita," it does show the King to be the true pioneer that he was.



TOP NOTCH NOISE
MURDER CITY!
© DAN CEY '81
ANGRY RED PLANET "LITTLE PIGS, LITTLE PIGS" LP (ANGRY RED RECORDS)
THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET...
SO DID I!
THIS LITTLE PIG STAYED HOME...
SO DID I!
GOOD DRINK GOOD MEAT GOOD GOD LET'S EAT
THIS LITTLE PIG LISTENED TO AN ANGRY RED PLANET RECORD...
SO DID I!
AINT IT GREAT TO BE CRAZY?
FORCED ANGER "PENT-UP" CASSETTE (CONTRABAND CASSETTES)
RULE #1: DON'T PRESS YOUR LUCK
I'M LIVING IN A CAGE! DON'T YOU SEE? WERE ALL LIVING IN CAGES!
HIGH TECH, COLOR-COORDINATED, AIR CONDITIONED CAGES! I CAN'T STAND IT!
F•ck LIKE A BEAST
CAGES! ME! YOU! EVERYBODY! UGHHHH!
♪SHUDDUP NOW!
STATE "FALSE POWER" LP (STATEMENT RECORDS)
YAHOO! LISTENING TO THE STATE RECORD MAKES ME WANT TO KICK YOU IN THE BUTT!
IS THAT GOOD OR BAD?
I DUNNO. LET'S ASK GOD!
FEEEEL IT!
HEAR THAT? I GET TO KICK YOUR BUTT ALL THE WAY TO HAWAII!
I THINK I HEAR THE CALL OF THE WILD!
ZIP!



DINOSAUR
You're Living All Over Me **(SST)**

There's been lots of talk lately about "classic rock"—radio stations all over the nation are trying to mainline into a demographic vein by programming various permutations and definitions of this loose term. Living here in this cloistered college town, I naturally assumed that "classic rock" meant The Stooges, The MC5, and Aerosmith's *Rocks*. On my return to the big city I discovered, much to my channel-changing chagrin, that the term more "aptly" descibed Boston, Journey, and Bob Seger—in short, anything pre-disco (but not including the Bay City Rollers).

I belabor the point because what SST has released in the form of Dinosaur's second album truly deserves description by the over-used and abused adage mentioned above. *You're Living All Over Me* is classic rock—in ten years' time, folk will look back at this record and understand it as an important slice of this decade's sonic life.

Which is not to say that the SST debut of this trio from the little Ninaville of Amherst, MA (no, *not Boston*) is too far-reaching and forward-thinking to be enjoyed here and now. On the contrary, *You're Living All Over Me* defines a state of "nowness," being a reinterpretation of 70's hard rock in an 80's context. Not Cobo cock-rock crotch stroking, but an application of the spirit and structure of dunce rock in the more cerebral setting of today's underground music, with its post-Sonic Youth feedback forms and post-Pedro time changes. *You're Living All Over Me* is an evolutionary improvement over the band's eponymous 1985 Homestead LP, which featured nuggets of Nirvana but lacked cohesive congruency. Here, from the obliterating opening cut, "Little Fury Things," to the art/noise/ tape loop exercise of "Poledo," the correct coagulation is there, a musical meshing of tempo and temper that sounds alike enough to define a singular intention of purpose and different enough for the songs to stand on their own.

Go ahead, paint my face.

—Mike Rubin

OPAL
Happy Nightmare Baby **(SST)**

Three years ago, Opal toured, but not as Opal—they were Clay Allison at the time, but still Opal at heart. The show was intimate—11 barstool grooveseekers perched at the edge of the stage, digging somber, folksy tunes much in the vein of Rainy Day, an orgy-fueled paisley underground lovechild of frontpersons Kendra Smith and Dave Roback. Opal's debut LP, *Happy Nightmare Baby,* is just as moody as their earlier work, but the souped-up instrumentation (strings and keyboards) gives it all a mystic tinge—tense, powerful, and dreamlike, with meandering psychedelic jams and sweltering Middle Eastern string arrangements—in short, good music to pitch the woo to, although you don't have to be getting down to enjoy it. On paper, this may sound a tad similar to what Roback's ex-band buddies The Rain Parade have been slogging out in fine fashion for some time, but "Soul Giver" is the only Rain Parade-esque song here and it quite simply puts to shame anything *any* psychedelic revival band has tossed out of their Sensi smoke-filled garage. So draw the shades, flip the strobe light on to disorienting speed, and let those occult magic fingers tingle your spine.

SAINT VITUS
Thirsty and Miserable **(SST)**

...Black Sabbath

MEKONS
Head Bangin' **(Twin Tone)**

The Mekons have been a little of everything over the last ten years. They've been a goth band, an industrial band, a country band, and now, in their best incarnation yet, and M.T.V. heart-throb metal band. Sure you've heard it all before—glistening, Bryan Adams-on-a-golden-toilet production, plodding, put-your-girlfriend-on-your-shoulders-so-Bon Jovi-can-see-her-jugs-when-she-takes-her-tube-top-off ballads, crooning, Robert Plant-chokes-on-his-own-underwear-and-dies-beautifully vocals...but it's great because it's the *Mekons*. Some will call it a sell-out, but it's about time the band dropped their bleeding-heart "Dig Deep for the Miners" bullshit and got down to kicking some serious butt.

BAY OF PIGS
Plastic Pig **(Chameleon)**

I dreamed they were a Bauhaus cover band, so I've been afraid to listen to it.

TRUCK SEX
If This Cab's Rockin... **(Homestead)**

Originality is a quality that's seldom heard in music these days, but it's present in mind-blowing excess on this kidney-punching, groin-kicking, back-stabbing debut from Dequindre's favorite pit-stop bastards, Truck Sex. Vocalist Don Swayne's trademark Maria Callas-meets-Jed Clampett yowl has never sounded better, nor has newcomer Farley Larch's effervescent Pat Smear-meets-Roy Clark guitar ever been louder. *If this Cab's Rockin...* throbs from your speakers, oozes around the room, slides under the door, slinks down the hall, empties your refrigerator, and goes to sleep on the couch, all the while poking

fun at pig farmers and diabetics with leftist rants and born-again toilet talk. The record is every bit as refreshing as it is obnoxious, proving once and for all that, in a market cluttered with suburban cow-punks and bogus barnyard bluesmen, Truck Sex alone is the real McCoy.

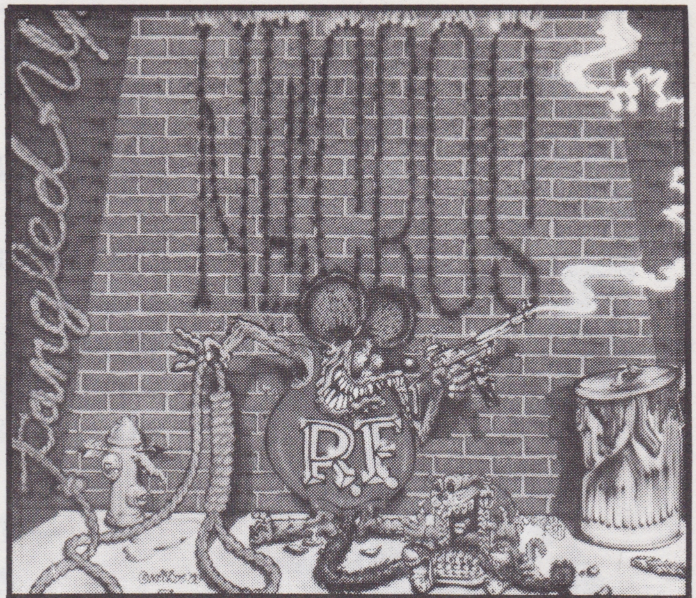
WIRE
The Ideal Copy (Enigma)

Sometimes a dead horse ought to stay a dead horse. Tragic case in point: *The Ideal Copy,* the reunion LP by the late 70's British all-weatherbeaters Wire. Wire, as you may remember, were *summa cum laude* graduates of the '77 class of British punks. More cerebral than their nihilistic fellow alumna and more adept at the Arts&Crafts portion of their curriculum, the band forged (way) ahead out of London's self-consuming scene to create three impeccable and inimitable LP's that defined the term "art-punk," sowed the seeds of America's hardcore movement, and influenced hundreds of bands from Minor Threat to the Minutemen before splitting up in 1980 to focus on the individual members' solo projects. News of the group's resumption last year warmed the rock and roll cockles of thousands of hearts, but the bands second phase of recorded work has begun to put a tarnish on their glittering image and placed them among the dubious pantheon of other such equestrian Lazuri as Boston, Deep Purple, the Clash, Bachman-Turner Overdrive, and the Monkees.

1986's *Snakedrill* EP, while somewhat bombastic and more derivative (of post-Wire bands like Killing Joke and Echo and the Bunnymen) than derivative, at least showed the band to still be relying on their most potent weapon: melodic yet molar-grinding guitar. *The Ideal Copy,* however, finds the band dependent on the developing technology of synthesizers, and thus is everything Wire was not: pallid, lifeless, and mechanical. The delicate and precise bronchial threads of harmony, melody, and lyrical brilliance that made every Wire song breathe with life have been bludgeoned by a combination of pretentiousness, pomposity, and pat approach. There are none of the shimmering and dense textures that made post-*Pink Flag* Wire such a pleasure to delve into— only a glossy and glitzy surface that reflects but does not illuminate. Some songs are catchy ("Ahead," a reworking of New Order's "Temptation," and "Cheeking Tongues") but others are overblown (like "Feed Me" and "Over Theirs"), even to the point of self-parody (the ridiculous dance-floor swaddle of "Ambitious" brings to mind Frankie goes to Hollywood and Vicious Pink). Only "Still Show" displays the faintest glimmer of what Wire was really about, exhibiting a bit of that restrained tension that used to hover so dangerously between subtlety and savagery, but at best this cut would have been a weak outtake from *154*. In recent interviews, band members have proclaimed that the goal of the band has always been to adapt to the times; thus, *the Ideal Copy,* with its synthesized sheen, is the "ideal copy" for the microchip era we live in. Sadly, these statements fly in the face of everything the band really stood for. What made Wire so important musically was their ability to seperate themselves from the limitations of their "present" and look boldly into the future. A spin of *Chairs Missing* or *154* today shows those LPs to be as timeless and contemporary as anything recorded in the decade since their release. The Ideal Copy, on the other hand, is mired in the "progressiveness" of today, hovering inconsequentially on a muscial staff of mechanical stasis, and thus is ultimately exactly what the title promises: a flashy facsimile, instead of a bold and brilliant blueprint.

And it's a damn shame.

—Mike Rubin



NECROS
Tangled up (Relativity/Enigma)

The long-awaited second LP by Ann Arbor's very own not-so-favorite sons the Necros is a stiff bovver boot to the face, a sonic wallop that could easily knock all the shiny, symmetrical teeth out of Marie Osmond's mouth. Abandoning the three-yards-and-a-cloud-of-thrash approach that they honed through years of tireless gigging on the nation's hardcore circuit, the band slows down their attack from Maserati mayhem to cruise control crunch, rejecting the limitations of the hardcore movement they helped found, in favor of a look back at the previous decade. Exhuming the partially-decomposed corpse of the seventies (leisure suits, mood rings, and pet rocks having already withered away), singer Barry Henssler drapes it over his shoulder toga-style and hits notes Danny Partridge could only dream of. Hot guitar licks fly like magma from the rocky lips of Kraktoa, courtesy of axeman Andy Wendler, who is ably assisted by Todd Swalla's propulsive percussion. The post-Aerosmith grind of the title track, 1986's single of the year, is masterfully matched by the wail and whoosh of "Gun" (*"I love a girl with a gun in her hand and a party on her mind"*) and the melodic (?!) meltdown of "Big Chief." A Metallica-esque acoustic guitar exploration segues seemlessly into the teeth-clenching cover of Pink Floyd's lysergic "Nile Song," which in turn flows flawlessly into the allbum-closing "House Full of Drunks," an introspective piano flourish, courtesy of bassist Ron Sakowski (a finalist in Metallica's nationwide bassist search).

The whole shebang-bang-bang clocks in at just under 30 minutes, a tad bit short for an LP it took the band eons to release, but it's still more than meaty enough to dangle alongside the best Ted Nugent has to offer, revealing the Motor City Madman to have been a loincloth-stuffer all along. Despite the band's home-wrecker/party-smasher local image, the Necros are a serious band to contend with, and Tangled Up is the finest slab of Detroit vinyl in many a marquee moon, keeping alive the fiery spirit of the Stooges and the MC5 amidst the pathetic throes of the Wussy generation.

—Mike Rubin

Remember:

"Accidents can happen to psychopaths just as easily as anyone else, man."

—The Genius of Love

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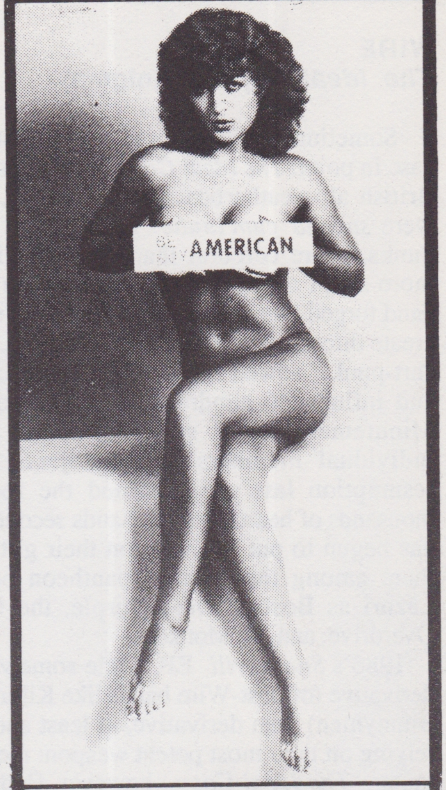

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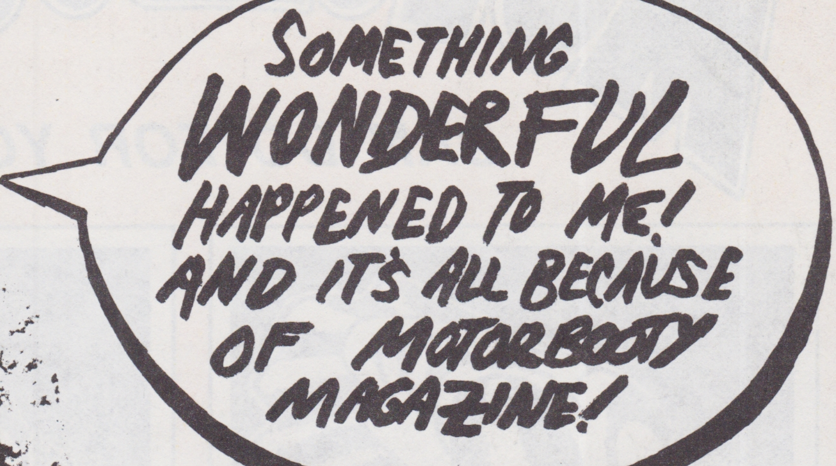

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